

HINDU FAIRY TALES RETOLD FOR CHILDREN



FLORENCE GRISWOLD

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J 398 Jatakas

Hindu fairy tales





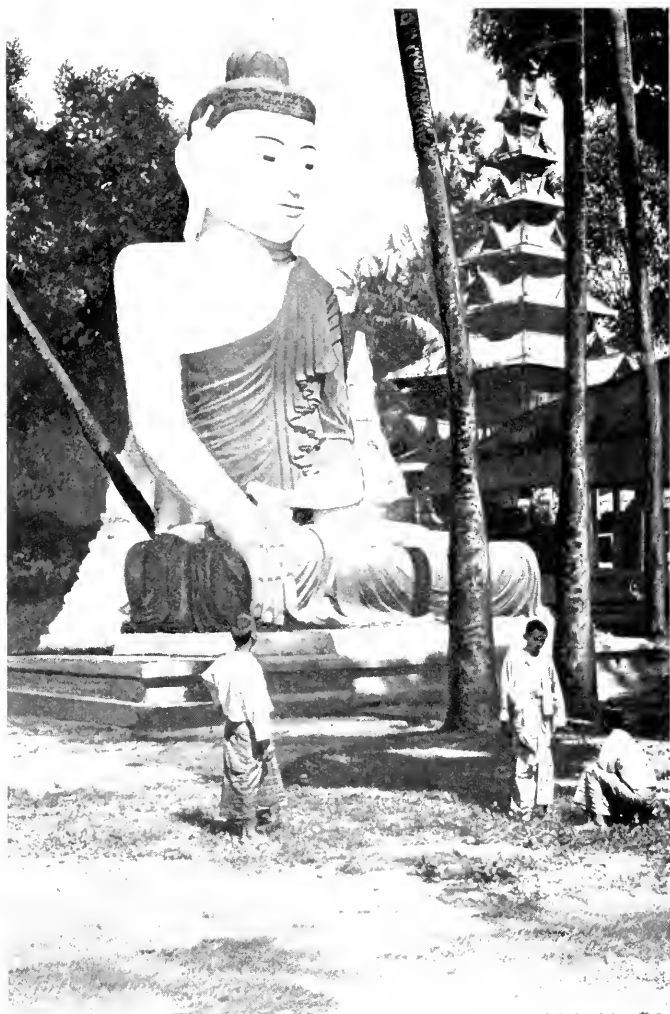
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HINDU FAIRY TALES

Retold for Children





GREAT IMAGE OF BUDDHA AT SHWAY-DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.



They all turned into angels and flew up in the air, forming a circle over his head.—*Page 121*

HINDU FAIRY TALES

RETOLD FOR CHILDREN

By
FLORENCE GRISWOLD



Illustrated from
Photographs



Decorations
By
L. J. Bridgman



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Introduction

THE *Jataka*, of which the tales in this volume are well-chosen examples, are among the most ancient heritages of human civilization. No human art is probably older than the art of story-telling. Before primitive man ever thought of fashioning his first stone axe, long before he ever conceived the possibility of scratching picture messages upon hard surfaces, he must have developed skill in narrating not only the happenings of his own day, but also the events of past time as they were handed down to him by tradition.

Story-telling even in its primitive forms served several important and permanent purposes. First of all came the purpose of entertainment. This purpose the art has never neglected, and rightly, for a dull story is worse than none at all. Next perhaps in importance came the historical purpose. Primitive story, it is true, seldom preserves a very accurate

record of past events. It is common experience to-day, as it always has been, that no narrative of a happening, however simple, can pass through the minds and mouths of a number of individuals without becoming in the end quite a different narrative from the one with which the process began. But if popular narrative is not accurate in its preservation of historical details, it still serves a useful historical purpose in connecting the feeling for the present with the feeling for the past, in linking past life with present life. In fact, this feeling can often be expressed more effectively when the narrator is not held down by a too conscientious respect for the detailed accuracy of his story. The art of successful story-telling demands some freedom.

Finally, early popular story served a didactic or moral purpose. It is the fashion nowadays to shudder at the mere hint of the presence of didacticism in a work of literary art. Yet it is doubtful if any such work has ever appealed strongly or permanently to the interest of mankind without having in it a dignified didactic

element. Literature is a record of life, and one reads the record not only for wonder, but also for the increase of knowledge and wisdom. Didacticism is not in itself bad in art, it is bad only when it is inartistically handled.

All these purposes appear in the *Jataka*, that wonderful collection of story material from which the tales in the present volume are taken. Originating in the naive desire to hear and tell about men and animals—anything about men, what they do, how they live, their relationships to each other, their codes of conduct—these early examples of the art of story-telling exhibit not a great deal of the shaping skill of highly developed and sophisticated artistry. They are cast into the form of stories of the Buddha's former births, and are as remarkable for their variety as for their antiquity. But they are not all worked out into the kind of coherent and unified structure which the modern art of story-telling demands. Some of them are, but many are like the rambling and pointless stories such as children tell and like to hear. For one who wishes to study the

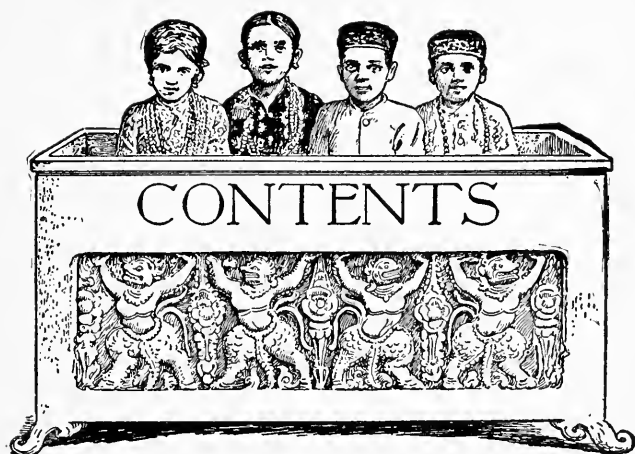
development of the technic of story-telling, no more fruitful discipline could be followed than a study of the *Jataka* stories.

Stories of every conceivable type are here—the moral story, fable, parable, or allegory, the ætiological story, like Kipling's "Just So Stories," the clever-turn story, the clock-story of the "House that Jack Built" type, the noodle story, the fairy tale, and stories which are not yet stories but merely the bricks and mortar from which stories can be made. One trait, however, they all have in common. They are all genuine transcripts from popular life. They reveal the simplicity, the truth to fact, often the crudity as well as the poetry of the popular imagination working upon the elements of its own intimate experience. From this rich treasury Mrs. Griswold has made an admirable though necessarily limited selection. She has shown discretion also in retaining the simple artlessness of the older forms. The reader who finds pleasure in these tales will be glad to know that there are many more like them in the *Jataka*, which he can best consult

in the excellent translations from the Pali, made by various persons under the editorship of Professor E. B. Powell and published by the University of Cambridge Press. The first volume appeared in 1895, and other volumes at intervals later. One will find here not only stories ready made, but abundant material which still awaits the shaping hand of the artist.

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They all turned into angels and flew up in
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How These Stories Came to Be

AGES and ages ago there was born at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains in the north of India, a boy named Gotama. His mother, Maya, died when he was born, but his mother's sister, who was also a wife of his father, loved him as her own son, and reared him with such kindness that he never knew the loss of a mother's love. As Gotama's father was the king of his tribe, his boyhood was happier than

that of most children. It was as though the sun shone for him all the time, with no night and no rain. There were crowds of servants around him at all times to wait upon him; there were young noblemen a little older than himself who taught him games, and old warriors who taught him how to use the weapons of his times for the protection of his country. While he played and from time to time attended great hunting-parties, yet the hours of the early day were spent in study with his master, the priest of the palace. Like every Indian boy of high caste he learned the sacred Vedas by heart. Very wonderful are these Vedas, for they tell in songs and stories of the noble deeds of the people who dwelt in India thousands of years ago, and who were the ancestors of the boys and girls of his time. Even to-day the children of India must study them as a part of their religious instruction.

Gotama had three homes according to the Indian year, which had summer, winter, and the rains. In each home he grew to know and enjoy the beauties of nature, the flowers so

wonderfully cultivated in one palace garden, the wild shrubs of the mountains in another, and in the third the soft rains that filled the streams and rivers and made fertile the valley that lay below his home during the rainy season. His master had taught him that it was wicked to take the life of any one, whether it were man or beast, so he made friends of all animals and treated them as companions no matter where he met them. In the palace grounds, on the mountainside, or in the deep forest, they were to him as brothers. The animals returned his kindness with kindness. Thus, in peace and harmony among loving relatives and friends, Gotama grew into manhood.

Like other Indian boys, he married when he reached the age of manhood. His wife was his cousin Gopa, a good and beautiful woman. After a time they had a little son whom they called Rabula. Gotama loved him with all his heart, but while Rabula was still a baby he said good-bye to his wife, to his aunt who had given him a mother's love, to his father, to his

little son, and left his palace home which contained all he used to love and enjoy to go out into the wilderness to live as a poor beggar on the fruits of the earth and the alms of the charitable. This he did, hoping that by a life spent away from all the good things of the world, he might see the Truth through leading a holy life.

For seven years he lived in a hut in the wilderness, fasting, studying, thinking, his only companions animals and hermits like himself. At the end of all these years he felt that Truth was very far off, and that he had gained little in goodness. One day, feeling very much discouraged, he sat under a bo-tree to rest. He fell asleep, and in a dream he saw a light which revealed to him the Truth for which all these years he had been searching. He awoke and knew that he had been rewarded at last for all the years of study in the wilderness. But now no longer might he dwell in the wilderness, for the Truth that had been revealed to him must be passed on to others. From that day until the end of his life, Gotama, who was now

called Buddha, which means the Awakened or One Who Knows, went over India from north to south and from east to west teaching to all the people who sought him the wonderful knowledge of the Truth of Life that had been given him by the gods as he sat under the bo-tree.

In the evening when the sun was setting low behind the hills in the west, and the air was growing cool with the coming night, Buddha with his followers, whom he called Brethren, tired after their labors of the day, would sit to rest on the ground in front of the tent, called the House of Truth. The Brethren always had many questions to ask the master, for they thought he knew and understood everything. Sometimes instead of answering their questions he would tell them a story of a life he had lived before and which he remembered. Many of the people of India, even to-day, have a belief that every human being has lived in this world many times before. Sometimes they believe it might have been as a monkey or an elephant, or at another time as a cow, horse, or

some other animal. It is because of this belief that the people of India are very kind and good to all animals. These are the stories Buddha told the Brethren.



The Monkeys and the Hollow Canes

ONE evening during a pilgrimage through the country of Kosala, Buddha and the Brethren were sitting beside a pool around which grew cane-sticks. A Brother broke one off, and after looking at it carefully asked, "Master, why are these cane-sticks hollow?"

"Listen, my Brother, and you shall hear, for such were my orders in times gone by," replied Buddha. Thus he told them this story.

In years long past, all about us was a thick forest in the center of which was a lake of clear cold water. In this lake dwelt a wicked water-ogre who devoured every one that went to the water to bathe or drink. In the forest also dwelt a troop of eighty thousand monkeys. Their king was the largest and strongest of them all, a mighty monkey as big as the fawn of a red deer. He shielded his subject monkeys from harm, and they gave him in return their love and confidence.

Desiring to let them roam at will through the forest, and yet fearing for their safety, one day he cautioned them, saying: "Friends, we have about us trees that are poisonous and lakes that are haunted by ogres. Beware of fruit you have not eaten, and of water you have not drunk. Ask me before you eat or drink." Readily they assured him that they would do his bidding, and they kept their word, else to-day we should have no story.

One warm day when they had wandered far from their home trees, they came upon a lake which was unknown to them. Very thirsty

were they, but remembering the words of their wise and good king they sat down to await his coming. When he came up and found them sitting down, very patient, he said, "Friends, why do you not drink?"

"This lake, dear king," said the spokesman, "we have never seen before. We could not drink without your good word."

"Quite right, my friends," replied the king, for he would have grieved sadly to lose even the least of his subjects.

Then he went carefully around the lake examining every foot of ground. At last he came upon a very strange thing. He found the footprints of many animals going *towards* the lake, but there were *no footprints to show that an animal had ever returned*. "Aha," he thought, "this is undoubtedly the haunt of an ogre," and turning to his followers said, "Your caution, friends, has saved you from a terrible death. This lake is haunted by an ogre. Those who go to its brink to drink never return to tell of its waters. Rest you here a while."

Suffering and parched with thirst, they did the bidding of their king, knowing well that in time they would be refreshed.

The ogre, who had been watching them greedily from the bottom of the lake, became angered when he saw the king with his eighty thousand subjects peacefully surround his lake. Such a feast had never before been thrust before his ever-hungry eyes. When he could no longer stand the suspense, he assumed the shape of a monster with a blue belly and the most horrible bright red hands and feet, and went to the top of the water crying, "Why are you all seated here like senseless idiots? When you are so thirsty after your day's walk, why do you not go down to the lake and drink of its cool water?" Then he added in the sweetest voice he could assume, "Come, come, my friends, come cool yourselves with a long drink out of the most beautiful lake in all India. Its waters are fed from mother-springs hidden deep down in its rocky bottom. Those who drink shall never more know either sorrow or unhappiness."

“Well may you say those who drink shall never more know sorrow or unhappiness,” answered the king. “Are you not the ogre of the lake, and do you not take as your prey all who are so unfortunate as to drink of your waters?”

“You are right, O Wise One. I am the ogre of the lake. You are right, I eat every one who comes to drink in my lake. Yes,” he went on ferociously for he saw that his words of honey had been of no use, “I eat every one from the smallest of birds upwards, and I shall eat you and every one of your eighty thousand monkeys sitting like toads on the ground.”

“Not a monkey seated here shall ever go to fatten your ugly body,” said the king.

“If you do not drink, you will die as you sit. You and your eighty thousand monkeys are now near to death for want of water. You see you are mine whether or not you drink of my water.”

“Yes, O ogre of the water, water we must have, for faint and weary we are. Yes, water

we will have, yet we shall not fall into your power."

"How can you drink without coming to the water's edge? All must do that," said the wicked ogre, not knowing that the king of the monkeys was Buddha the All-Knowing One.

"Ah," said the king, "you will soon see. You think, poor monster, that we shall have to go to the *brink* of the lake to drink? If you will wait you will see the lake come to the monkeys as they sit far up on its banks."

These words said, he had a cane brought to him and repeated solemnly the following words:

"With canes we'll drink; you shall not take my life." He then blew with all his might down the cane and straightway it became hollow; not even a single knot was left throughout its entire length. Thus he blew through another and yet another, but his eighty thousand subjects would have died of thirst before he could have finished one for each, and not one monkey was he willing to lose. Knowing

this he wasted no more time on single sticks, but walked around the lake saying:

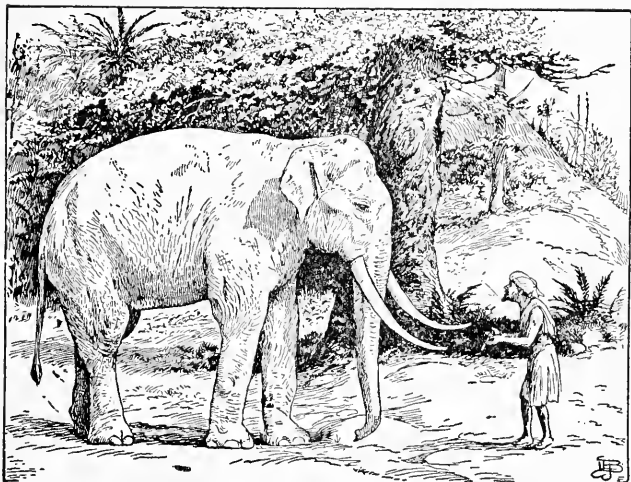
“Let all the canes growing here become hollow throughout,
Let all the canes around here become hollow throughout.”

Immediately all the canes became hollow.

The king then commanded each monkey to grasp one cane in his hands and follow him to the lake. He sat down on the banks the length of his cane-stick from the water. One end he put in his mouth, the other in the water, then he began slowly to suck up the water, which came through the cane as easily as though it were the hollow stalk of a lotus. Eighty thousand monkeys did likewise. In this way every one drank his fill from the waters of the lake, yet never a one did that wicked water-ogre catch. After their thirst was quenched, the obedient monkeys, grateful to their king for having saved their lives from the ogre, began to praise and thank him. The king bade them keep their words and follow him back to the home trees deep in the forest.

When the water-ogre saw that he had been outwitted by the king of the monkeys, he crept in a great rage back to his home at the bottom of the lake, there, as before, to await the coming of the unwary traveler who looked not before he drank.

As years passed on, the hollow canes growing on the banks of the lake of the ogre became the parents of other hollow canes and they spread and spread to all parts of the world. That is why we have hollow canes to-day.



The Good Elephant and the Ungrateful Man

ONCE upon a time there was born in the Himalaya Mountains an elephant white as a peak of the purest snow. His eyes shone like diamonds, and his mouth was as red as a beautiful piece of scarlet cloth woven in Benares. His trunk was like a pillar of silver flecked with red gold, while his four feet shone as though polished with lacquer. The gods had

given him a noble body; this they had bestowed upon him for good deeds done in past lives, and now the elephant was trying to make his soul as beautiful as his body.

When he grew up, the fame of his beauty and goodness spread all over the mountains, and the elephants, eighty thousand in number, followed him as their leader.

He led them wisely for many years until one day he learned that there was sin in his herd. It seemed to him as though a great cloud had come between the elephants and the glorious light of the sun, and the king was filled with sadness. He felt that he could no longer live among elephants who had fallen into evil ways, otherwise he, too, might become as sinful as they. So he left the herd and went alone into the deep forest to dwell in solitude and strive to be good. In this way he won the name of Good King Elephant.

One day a forester from Benares came to the Himalayas in search of rare woods to use in his craft. Not knowing the mountains, he lost his way. As he roamed to and fro knowing

not which way to go, he wept with despair, for death was stretching out her arms to enfold him with the coming of night.

Good King Elephant heard his cries. Without a moment's delay he started out to seek the one who was in need of help. When the forester saw a solitary elephant drawing close to him, he ran in terror in the opposite direction, for his father had told him that one elephant was more dangerous to meet than a herd. Seeing the man run, Good King Elephant stood still, then the man stood still. Again he tried to approach the forester, and again the latter ran away in fear. Thus they kept it up for a league or so. When the elephant halted, the man halted; when the elephant tried to approach him, the forester ran. The sun was sinking low in the west, and there was but a little time left before night would lay her mantle of darkness over the forest. "Perhaps the elephant really wants to help me," thought the forester. "I have heard stories of animals coming to the assistance of men; besides I shall perish anyhow," so he

boldly stood his ground and waited for the elephant to come up to him.

“Friend man,” said Good King Elephant, “why do you wander through the beautiful mountains weeping? Can I do anything to help you?”

“My lord,” said the forester, realizing that he was not speaking to an ordinary elephant, “I have lost my way, and I fear that when night falls I shall perish.”

“It grows dark and you are far from the haunts of man. You are weak from hunger, and tired from travel. Come with me.”

Good King Elephant took the man to his own home, where he nourished him with fruits and nuts, and where he quenched the man’s thirst with water brought in his trunk from a spring in the rocks.

Seven days passed before the forester regained his full strength, then he grew unhappy. Good King Elephant saw his state of mind and sorrowed, for he had hoped that the forester would cease to care for the sinful ways of the world, and would seek a hermit’s

hut in the wilderness where he might try to live a holy life. Such a life one must seek freely, so one bright morning he said to the forester, "Fear not, friend man, that I shall keep you here in my humble abode for life. I know that you long for the city of men. Get you upon my back and I will take you out of the mountains where dwell the humble seekers of Truth for whom you care not, to the city of men whom you love more than your own soul."

The man did as the elephant bade him, and away they went over rugged rocks, across canyons with their fiercely flowing waters many feet beneath, through deep forests thick and dark. The elephant's burden was light and they traveled fast. Soon the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas became as pillars of ice, radiating the light as opals in the sun they seemed to support a sky of solid blue, and a beautiful fertile valley rich with grain spread itself before them. Farther on were the plains, and then Benares.

When at last they reached the great high-

road leading straight to the city, Good King Elephant set the forester down, saying: "Straight lies your road, friend man. Tell no man the place of my abode, whether he may ask you or not." With these parting words, he turned and was soon lost to view in the jungle.

Now as the forester had been traveling on the back of the elephant, he noted well the beautiful tusks of his elephant friend. He knew the value of a perfect piece of ivory, and down in the heart of this ungrateful man sprang a wish to get those tusks, so he noted well the landmarks of tree and spring, thinking he might want to go back at some other time. As soon as he reached Benares he went to the street of bazars where craftsmen sell their beautiful work in cloth, metal, and ivory. When he came to the ivory-worker's shop, he found him sitting in front of his door. "Would you buy the tusks of a living elephant?" he asked the craftsman.

"How little you know of our trade!" the man answered. "A living elephant's tusks

are worth far more to me than a dead one's. But you do not look as though you would be able to get them," looking in scorn at the small figure of the ungrateful forester.

Not a bit insulted by the ivory-worker's remark, the man replied, "Well, wait you for a time and I will bring to you the most beautiful tusks in the whole world." Knowing the difficulty of such a task, the ivory-worker went into his shop to work, thinking it but an idle boast of a vain fellow.

Greedy for gold, the forester wasted no time in starting to find his elephant friend. This time he provided himself well with food and also took a small saw such as ivory-workers use, that he might lack no means of securing his tusks. A very good memory had this ungrateful man; one after another of the landmarks was soon left far behind him; thus before many days passed, he reached the home of his benefactor, who, on seeing him in the distance, came to meet him with a glad welcome shining in his eyes of diamond-fire.

"Why, friend man, do you seek me in my

mountain home? Can a poor humble elephant do aught for you?"

The forester began to tell him in a whining voice how very poor he was, of how hard it was to find work in the city, hoping thus to awaken a deep pity in the good elephant's heart and thereby gain his wicked ends more easily. He even told him he was starving.

"Come, make the mountains your home, friend man. Here we need take no thought for the morrow. We need not worry, we need not struggle, for food and raiment grow a-plenty; we have but to take. The man who seeks to live a holy life needs but little. Come, oh, come, friend man. Forsake the paths of men."

"Oh, no, good sir," the lying forester answered. "I have a wife and little children for whom I must care and feed. It is my duty, thus you see I cannot leave them as much as I would like to live a holy life in the mountains. But seeing in your peaceful forest-life you have no use for your tusks, I have come to beg a bit of one that I may sell it to the ivory-

worker in Benares and with the money buy food for my wife and little ones who starve for bread."

"Certainly," said Good King Elephant, feeling very sorry for the man, "I will not give you a bit of one of my tusks, but I will gladly give you both my long tusks if you but have a small saw to cut them off."

"Oh, good sir, knowing your generous nature, I brought my saw with me."

"Then saw my tusks off, and carry them away with you." Good King Elephant bowed his knees until he crouched on the ground like an ox, and the forester without further words sawed off both tusks of the most glistening ivory in the world, the tusks of the good king of eighty thousand elephants who dwelt in the Himalayas.

When they were lying on the ground shining in the sun, the elephant looked sadly at them. Never in his only looking-glass, the clear waters of the spring, had they looked so beautiful.

"Think not, friend man, that it is because I neither value nor prize these tusks that I give

them to you. Nay, it is not so, but a thousand times, yes, a hundred thousand times dearer to me than these beautiful tusks of flawless ivory is my desire to gain knowledge and from knowledge see the Truth. I give them to you hoping that this act of charity may bring me nearer the Truth."

With scant words of thanks to the noble elephant the ungrateful, lying, greedy forester sped back to Benares and the bazar, there to sell the tusks of perfect ivory to the craftsman who would pay him the biggest price. Well did each man haggle and bid, for they all knew that never before had such flawless ivory come into their city, and each ivory-worker wanted it so that he might turn it into objects that were worth their weight in gold.

When the forester had spent even the last shekel of the money upon himself in eating, drinking, and gambling—for he had neither wife nor children—he again bethought himself of Good King Elephant. This time, knowing the way, he reached the mountain home of his elephant friend after a few days' travel. As



PREPARING ELEPHANTS FOR A PAGEANT AT CALCUTTA.

soon as he saw him sitting calmly in prayer with his face towards the sun, he fell upon his knees crying, "My lord, the tusks you gave me only brought me enough to pay my debts. Will you not give to me your short tusks that I may sell them to the ivory-worker and buy bread for my wife and children who starve?"

Good King Elephant, who spent his life in doing good and charitable deeds, cheerfully gave to the man his two short tusks, which he sold as before for a good price in the city. As he had spent his last money, so he spent this. When not a shekel was left in his pocket, once more he thought of his benefactor far off in the Himalayas. This time the forester sought the very *stumps* of the tusks, the only bits of ivory the cruel, greedy, lying, ungrateful forester had left of the once glorious tusks that were the pride of eighty thousand elephants who dwelt in the Himalayas.

"So be it," sadly said the holy elephant. He would have given the man his life would it have served his needs or have brought him nearer to finding Truth. For the last time the

elephant crouched upon the ground, while the vile wretch trampled on his trunk that was like a pillar of silver flecked with red gold, and clambered over his temples which were as the snowy crest of Mount Kesala, and then kicked at the roots of the tusks until he had cleared the flesh away. Good King Elephant never uttered a complaint, never murmured a cry while the wretch sawed out the stumps, and without a single word went his way.

But listen to what happened to this cruel, greedy, lying, ungrateful forester. A tree-fairy saw it and told it to every one in the forest. Scarce had the wretch passed out of the sight of Good King Elephant than the Earth, so great in its vast extent, so strong that it is enabled to support the highest mountain peaks, burst asunder in a yawning chasm as though unable to bear the burden of such wickedness. From this awful chasm in the Earth sprang a great flame which enveloped the wretch, wrapping him around and in a shroud of doom bore him down into the bowels of the Earth.

So that the fate of the ungrateful forester might never be forgotten by those who perchance should fall into his footsteps, the fairies taught their children to sing:

“ Ingratitude lacks more, the more it gets,
Not all the world can glut its appetite.”

Even to-day you will hear these words echo and reëcho throughout the mountains, because for thousands of years parents have told their children the story.

When the eighty thousand elephants in the mountains heard the story of the piteous fate of their good king they went to him with all the other animals, birds and fairies to tell him that they would protect him forever. Thus he dwelt in peace and happiness until he was called at last to fare according to his deeds. And the tree-fairies in India still teach this Truth:

“ Not even the gift of a world-wide empire can satisfy the thankless and ungrateful.”



Footsteps in the Air

ONE day when Buddha and the Brethren were traveling through Jetavana a man from the city joined them as they were resting in the House of Truth. He was sitting quietly listening to the others talk of the happenings of the day when he was surprised to see his little son appear at his side. "Son," said the father, "how came you to find me? I told no one whither I was going."

“Dear father,” replied the son, “I recognized your footsteps and followed them until they brought me to your side.”

“Your Reverence,” said the father turning to Buddha, “my son is skilled in tracing footsteps. Many times have I tried him, never once have I found him wanting.”

“There is no marvel in recognizing steps upon the ground, Brother. Wise people and animals of old followed footsteps in the air. Listen and I will tell you a story of a boy who could trace footsteps in the air, as the homing pigeon from afar finds its way back to its nest.”

Once upon a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, his queen was accused of having committed a great sin. She swore that she was innocent, saying, “If I have sinned against you, let me become a female Yakkha with the face of a horse.”

In time the queen died, and as she had not told the truth she became a Yakkha with the body of a woman and the face of a horse.

Now the Yakkhas were demons, half like men and half like beasts, who waited upon the god of wealth. They were ugly creatures, feared by every one. They dwelt in caves in the mountains and lived on the flesh of men whom they robbed and killed after having first almost frightened them to death by their very terrible looks.

For three years the sinful queen had to serve Vessavana the lord-demon who ruled over all the Yakkhas. For this faithful service she was given leave to capture and eat people for a space of thirty leagues long by five broad. In the middle of her domain there was a deep cave in the mountains. Here she dwelt where she could catch and devour men as they traveled from the eastern to the western border of India. One day a wealthy and handsome Brahmin named Kassapa came her way, followed by a large company. With a loud laugh she ran out to seize him, while his company in great fear ran away. She threw him over her back and with the speed of the wind flew home to her cave.

When Yakkha saw how handsome Kassapa was, she straightway fell in love with him. Instead of devouring him she treated him kindly and made him her husband, for she was very lonely dwelling in a cave leagues and leagues away from her fellow-creatures. Kassapa, who saw no means of getting away, made the best of his plight and they lived together in peace. From thenceforth when Yakkha captured men, she took their clothing that her husband might be dressed in garments of his caste. She took also their rice, oil, spices, and curry that she might serve him with the dainty food of the city and he would grow neither unhappy nor ill in their mountain home. But the heart of Yakkha was never at rest, for she was always fearful that her husband would hate her because she was a demon, or that he would escape and leave her alone in the cave. These fears continually tormented her. While she could not give up her love for human flesh, she never ate in her husband's presence, for fear of disgusting him, and when she went away she used to roll a huge stone in front of

the door of the cave so that he could not get out.

After a time a beautiful little son with the face and form of his father and the strength and courage of his mother was born to Kassapa and Yakkha. Because of his great likeness to his father he was called "Little Brahmin." With the coming of the little son, Yakkha was filled with a greater love than before for her husband. Very tenderly she cared for them both, giving them the food they most liked, but in her heart she was sad, for always she was tormented with the fear that she would lose them both.

By and by Little Brahmin grew to manhood and was good to look upon, strong and fearless. He became tired of wandering all day in the woods with nothing to do, or sitting with his father in the darkness of the cave while his mother was away hunting. One day, when he could no longer stand the darkness, so great was his longing for the air of the woods and the songs of the birds, he arose and pushed the stone away from the opening of the cave.

When his mother returned she asked who had removed the stone. "I did; we could not sit here in darkness," said Little Brahmin truthfully. Out of her great love for her son she said not another word; she knew that he was a good child, and she knew, too, that he had her great strength.

After that day when Yakkha went away she never again shut them in the cave. She hoped her goodness to them would make them both love her as she loved them, and that they would want to stay with her. Besides she knew that with her demon's knowledge she could find them and bring them back before they had gone far.

One day when they were alone, Little Brahmin said to Kassapa, "Dear father, your mouth is different from my mother's. What is the reason?"

"My son," he replied, "your mother belongs to the race of Yakkhas and lives on man's flesh, but you and I are sons of men. We eat not the flesh of any living creature."

"If we are men, father, why do we not live

in the haunts of men? Why do we live here away from every one who is like us? Come, let us go."

"No, my son," Kassapa shook his head sadly, "if we try to escape, your mother will find us and bring us back, and perhaps in anger might kill us. Better content ourselves here."

All that day and the next Little Brahmin spent by himself in deep thought. At last he came to know himself, came to know that the knowledge of the mountain and forest and the strength of the wind were all his.

Soon after this when his mother was away, he took his father by the hand, saying, "Do not be afraid, dear father. That you shall return to the haunts of men shall be my charge." Great was the longing in the heart of Kassapa to return to his own people in the city of his birth, and great too was his fear that Little Brahmin would go alone if he refused to leave the cave, so he fled with him.

When Yakkha returned and saw her lonely home, her heart grew cold with fear. But

away she flew with her wings set with the wind from the south and caught them before they had gone far.

“Oh, Brahmin, my Kassapa, why do you run away? Do you want for anything in our mountain home?” she cried.

“No, my dear,” he replied. “Do not be angry with me. Your son carried me off.”

Because of her love for her child she said not another word. In her strong arms she took and comforted them, and after a flight of several days she took them back to the place of their abode, the rock-cave at the foot of the mountains, in the middle of her domain.

Stronger and stronger in the heart of Little Brahmin grew the desire to live in the country of men. No longer was he satisfied in the lonely mountain home doing nothing the whole long day. But of this he could speak to no one, not even his father, who was growing old and could not understand, and no longer desired to work. One day he thought: “My mother must have a space over which she may hunt; beyond those limits she can have no

power. I will ask her how far her rights extend that I may make my escape by going beyond them."

One day when he was sitting near his mother he said to her in his most respectful manner: "My dear mother, that which belongs to a mother comes to her children; tell me now what is the boundary of our lands."

Trusting him she told him with pride all the landmarks, the mountains, the streams, and the forests which lay to the east, west, north, and south, thirty leagues long by five leagues broad. "Consider it be too much, my son? I earned the right to every league of it."

After the lapse of two or three days, when Yakkha had gone out to search for food, Little Brahmin put his father over his shoulder and flew with the wind to the middle of the river which formed the boundary line of his mother's domain.

The poor mother on her return found the hut forsaken. Again she followed their footsteps in the air and found her husband and son standing in the middle of the stream on a

spot she could not reach, for she had pledged her word to Vessavana that she would not go one foot beyond her limits.

Weeping she stood on the river bank, calling to them in her anguish to come back to her. "Come here, oh, my son, come to me with your father! What have I done to offend you? Have I not given you both all your heart could desire? Oh, come, my lord, come back with me." Thus did she beseech them, until Kassapa, moved by pity and remembering her goodness to him, crossed the river and stood by her side. But Little Brahmin moved not. Greater than his love for his mother was his longing to be with men like himself and his father. He could never again be happy in the mountain cave doing nothing the whole long day. "No," he thought to himself, "I must go on to the city of men; if my father will not go, so be it." He would not listen to his mother who kept up her prayer to him. "Dear son, do not act after this sort; come back again, more shall I do for you."

"Mother, my father and I are men; you are

a goblin. We cannot always abide with you, for your ways are not our ways."

"And you will not return?"

"No, mother."

"My son, it is painful to live in the world of men. Those who are not rich and who know no craft must either beg or die of hunger. I am skilled in the lore of the philosopher's stone. By my power of this invaluable stone, a person may follow in the steps of one who has gone away even if twelve years have passed. Take, my child, this charm; it may prove a livelihood to you."

Little Brahmin, still standing in the middle of the river, as though he feared he might be charmed back, folded his hands tortoise-wise and took the philosopher's stone. Saluting his mother he cried, "Good-bye."

"If you do not return, my son, I cannot live." Poor Yakkha, overcome by her great sorrow, smote her breast. Her heart was broken, and she fell to the earth dead.

When Little Brahmin knew his mother was dead he called to his father and with weeping

and lamentations they made a funeral pile and burned her body after the manner of their country. As soon as the last ember had become black he made an offering of flowers of many colors. No more was there to do in the land of Yakkha, so he took his father's arm, and sadly they proceeded to the city of Benares.

The city gates once passed, Little Brahmin took his father to the home of a friend that he might refresh himself and rest after his long journey, while he went to the palace of the king.

"What craft know you," the doorkeeper asked, "that I may tell my master the king the manner of man who waits to speak with him."

"Tell him that standing at his door is a youth skilled in tracing footsteps," replied Little Brahmin.

When the king heard the strange message, he bade the youth be brought to him without delay, for he was curious to learn of this unknown art.

Little Brahmin entered the king's presence with a bow of salutation.

"My young friend," the king said, "tell me of this strange craft I hear you follow. In my long reign I have never heard of it in Benares."

"My lord, I am able to follow upon the track of one who has stolen any property. Even though twelve years may have passed, still will I find the thief."

"You shall enter my service, for great need have I of such a person."

"Gladly will I serve you, my lord, but I must live and I know no other trade, hence my price will be a thousand pieces of money a day."

"Very well, my young friend, so shall it be." And the king gave an order to his treasurer to pay every day to Little Brahmin one thousand pieces of money.

The palace priest, seeing Little Brahmin paid so much money for doing nothing, became jealous and began to think of a means of ridding the palace of his presence. One day he said to the king, "As this youth has done

nothing to prove the power of his art, how do we know whether or not he possesses skill? Let us put him to a test."

The king agreed, and straightforth went they to the keepers of the various treasures. After taking the most valuable jewels they groped their way three times around the palace. They then placed a ladder by the side of the palace wall and descended into the city. Coming to the edge of a tank they solemnly marched around it five times, dropped the treasure into it, and returned to the palace by means of the ladder as they had come.

The next day a great cry was made in the city, and men said one to another, "Treasure has been stolen from the palace!" Pretending to know nothing about the theft, the king called Little Brahmin to him.

"My young friend," he said, "much valuable treasure has been stolen from the palace. You must trace it and find the thief that he may be punished."

"My lord, be not troubled. If after twelve years I can follow the footsteps of robbers,

there will be nothing wonderful in finding stolen property after a single day and night."

"Then recover it, my friend," said the king.

Little Brahmin first took into his hands the philosopher's stone given him by his mother. After saluting her memory, he repeated the spell she had taught him. Immediately he said, "My lord, the steps of *two* thieves are to be seen." He then followed the footsteps into the royal treasury, from thence he descended to the terrace, and after walking thrice around the palace, he drew near the wall and stood still.

"My lord, I see footsteps in the air; will you have brought to me a ladder?"

After the ladder had been placed for him against the wall, he descended, still following the tracks until he came to the Hall of Justice. Again he returned to the palace, again he descended from the palace wall by the ladder, but this time he went *straight to the tank*. After marching thrice around it, he said to the king, "My lord, the thieves went down into

this tank." Thereupon he took out the treasure just as though he had put it there himself.

"My lord, the two thieves were people of high distinction," said Little Brahmin saluting the king; "by this way they climbed their way *back* to the palace." He then made his way back to the palace as he had come.

Great was the delight of the people of Benares at this wonderful feat. They shouted, they snapped their fingers and waved their clothes. Little Brahmin had become a hero.

Thought the king, "This youth can only follow the footsteps of thieves. This a wise animal may do; there is nothing very wonderful in that. The thieves he cannot catch." Then he said, "You have brought us the jewels carried away by the thieves. Bring to us the thieves."

"My lord, the thieves are here. Not a stone's throw from us they stand."

"Who are they?" persisted the king.

Little Brahmin knew all the time who were

the thieves, but a feeling of gratitude to his benefactor kept him from publicly accusing him.

“Great king, let any one who likes be the thief. You have recovered your treasure; what need of the thieves?”

But all the king would say was, “Friend, I pay you daily a thousand pieces of silver. It is better for us to catch the thieves than to recover the treasure.”

“Then, sire, I will not say so and so are the thieves, but I will tell you a story of long ago. You are wise, you will know what it means.” Herewith he told an old tale, hoping the king would see the hidden meaning and press him no farther to name the thieves.

When he had finished the tale he turned to the king, saying, “Sire, even as water is the refuge of the people, so also is the king. If danger arises to them, who shall avert this danger? Sire, this is a secret matter; the story I have told could be understood only by the knowing. Thou seest the meaning?”

The king had long since felt that he had

made a mistake in following the priest's advice. He knew that he should never have stolen the treasure, but what was done could not be undone, so there was nothing else to do but to make Little Brahmin out the thief. All he would say was, "Friend, I do not understand hidden tales. Catch the thieves and bring them to me."

"Hear again an old tale, sire, and may light come to you." And another tale he told. Lamenting in his heart, he prayed that the king might see his meaning. "As the mighty earth which is the refuge of the people may rise up and kill, so a king who, like the earth, the refuge of the world may rise up and play the thief. If this he does, who shall avert the danger? Can you not, sire, recognize the thief hidden under this story?"

The king and priest were not sure that Little Brahmin knew them to be the thieves of the palace treasure, but their only thought was to save their own heads from the anger of the people. The only reply from the crafty king was, "Friend, we do not want idle tales. Say,

‘ Here is the thief ’; catch him and hand him over to me.”

Still Little Brahmin would not give up trying to save the king from disgrace and he told him another story, ending it with, “ As the tree is the refuge of the birds, so is the king the refuge of his people. Should he play thief, who should avert the danger? ”

But the only answer the king made was, “ Friend, bring to me the thief.”

Two more tales he told the king, who always made him the same reply. Little Brahmin now cared no longer for the king whom he knew to be wicked; he only thought of his subjects and their safety. “ I shall tell him this story which shall be my last,” thought he, “ and if he still says, ‘ Catch for me the thieves,’ I shall name him and the priest and let the people deal with us according to our deserts.” Then he told this story:

“ Of old, sire, there dwelt in this city a man named Rama, who prayed at morning and at evening that a son might be born to him. After a time his prayers were answered and his

heart was filled with joy and gladness, for into his house was born a beautiful boy whom they called Gatu because his voice was as sweet as a bird's. The boy grew to manhood well versed in the wisdom of his masters. 'When I grow old,' thought the father, 'and am no longer able to work, my son will care for me in my old age as I have cared for him as a child.' Years passed, and at the proper age the son took unto himself a wife. Children came to them and the son thought no more of his good father. By and by, when the poor old man was no longer able to work, the son, for whose coming he had prayed, turned him out of his house, and he had nowhere to go. Lamenting he went through the streets singing:

'He for whose birth I longed, nor longed in vain,
Drives me from home. My refuge proves my bane.'

"Just as it is the right of an aged father to be cared for by an able-bodied son, so, sire, it is the right of all people to be protected by their king. The danger now present has arisen from the king who is the guardian of men.

Know, sire, from this fact that the thief is so and so? ”

“ I know not what you mean by such tales, facts or no facts. Bring me the thief, I say, or you yourself must be the thief and I shall cast you into prison,” said the king angrily, yet not daring to tell his soldiers to lay hands on Little Brahmin.

The people, who could not understand the tales, were growing tired of waiting and were whispering sullenly among themselves.

Little Brahmin, through the magic of his philosopher’s stone, knew what was in the heart of the king, yet he felt sorry for him. “ Would you, sire, that I proclaim the thief before this whole assembly? ”

“ Do so, friend,” said the cowardly king. “ Now,” thought he, “ I shall be rid of this fellow who knows too much to be free. When he accuses me my people will not believe him, and will rise up and kill him for treason.”

Little Brahmin stepped to the highest place on the palace terrace; with his face turned to the sun he sang in a clear high voice:

“Let the town and country folk assembled all give ear,
Lo! water is ablaze. From safety cometh fear.
The plundered realm may well of king and priest
complain,
Henceforth protect yourselves. Your refuge proves
your bane.”

“The king! The king!” muttered the people, while the king, who stood as though frozen by a blast of the bitter wind from the north, said no word. Little Brahmin looked at them, awaiting their word.

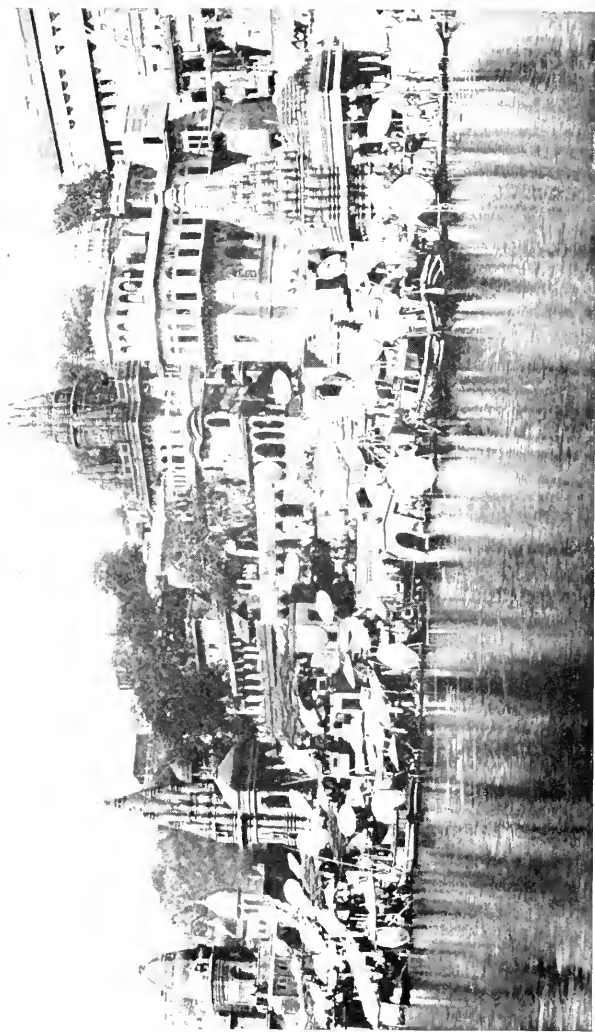
“The king,” they cried as the light of truth came to them, “should protect his people, yet he has thrown blame and disgrace upon one unjustly. With his own hands he placed the treasure in the tank; then he went about looking for the thief. No longer shall he falsely accuse others. As we trusted him and gave him the greatest place in the kingdom, so shall we now take away that which we have given him. He has become a traitor to his people; he has deceived those who trusted him; he deserves to die.”

With these words they rose up with sticks and stones in their hands and then and there

they beat the king and priest until they were dead.

After the manner of their country they made a funeral pile and burned the bodies of the thieving and deceitful king and priest. Then they spat upon the ashes to show their scorn.

When the last ember had died out and their king and priest had gone to be judged according to their deeds, the people of Benares of one voice proclaimed Little Brahmin their king. His father Kassapa they heaped with honor, as befitted the father of a king. For many years Little Brahmin served his people well, judging all with mercy and justice, and when he died there was weeping and lamentations throughout all the kingdom.



BENARES AND THE GANGES RIVER.



The Wreaths of Nava-Ratna

IN the kingdom of Kalinga, which lies to the north of Madras, there once reigned a good king who was called Kalinga after his country, and who dwelt in the city of Dantapura. He had two sons whom he named Maha-Kalinga, which means the greater, and Culla-Kalinga, which means the less. The fortune-tellers of the palace, who were able to read the lives of persons by the position of the stars at

their birth, foretold strange events in the lives of these young princes. They said that the elder son, Maha, would reign over the kingdom of Kalinga after the death of his father, but that the *son* of *Culla* the younger would become *universal* monarch of all India, the greatest of all kings.

Time passed by, and Maha was crowned king upon the death of his father, while his brother Culla was made viceroy. Ever thinking of the son who was to be born to him who was to become a *universal* monarch, the viceroy became more and more proud, even refusing to obey the orders of his brother, King Kalinga. At last when the king could bear his insults no longer, he sent an old and trusted messenger to arrest the viceroy. Now this man had been a courtier in the reign of their father, so that he loved both the sons and could not bear to think of Culla being put in a dark dungeon. "Prince," he said to the viceroy, "the king wishes me to arrest you. Flee to save your life."

Culla then showed the courtier a signet-ring,

a rug of great beauty, and a sword, saying, "By these tokens shall my son be known to you. When he comes to you showing them, make him the universal monarch."

Thus charging the old man, Culla, to save his life, fled to the forest and there built a hut in a pleasant spot on the banks of the Ganges. Here living upon alms and the fruits of the forest, he spent his life dreaming both day and night of the son who was to be born to him and who was to become a universal monarch over all India.

About this time, afar off in the kingdom of Madda, there was born to the king and queen a beautiful daughter whom they named Nava-ratna, which means jewels. The stars foretold that a strange thing was to happen. Nava-ratna, the fortune-tellers said, would spend her life in the forest, living like a hermit, but her son would be the greatest king in all India.

This wonderful news spread throughout the whole world. With one accord all the kings of India came together and surrounded the city,

each hoping that the king of Madda would give him Nava-ratna for his wife and that his son would become a universal monarch.

The king and queen of Madda dearly loved both their country and their daughter. They well knew that as soon as they should bestow her hand upon one king, straightway the others would declare war upon the kingdom. Death and ruin would be the fate of their country. "No," they said, "this must not be. We will take our daughter with us and leave the country." One dark night the three, disguised, fled from the palace to seek a forest home.

For many days they traveled, following the Ganges to its birthplace in the Himalayas where all about is wild, and silence, mystery, and peace are broken only by the music of the wind and leaves, and the rush of the torrents. On a pleasant bank of the river, King Madda built a hut. Here the three lived, eating the fruits and nuts of the forest; although afar from all strife and sorrow, yet always in fear were they that some one would find them and take away their child Nava-ratna. When the

king and queen went away in search of food they bade Nava-ratna stay near the hut.

The stars at birth had blessed this little princess with a love of flowers, trees, birds, and running water. She never felt lonely in her mountain home even when her parents left her alone. Wherever she trod, flowers grew. Her great pleasure was to gather blossoms of many kinds which she wove into wreaths. On the banks of the Ganges near her hut grew a wonderful mango-tree, around which vines had wound themselves until they formed a natural ladder. Up this ladder of vines, high up in the mango-tree, so high that she could see far up and far down the noble river, Nava-ratna would climb, and then one by one, as a little child, she would drop her wreaths of flowers into the swiftly running waters below. She would watch with delight her wreaths as they were carried by the tide down through the mountain-gate of the Ganges and out into the sunny plains beyond. As she dropped the wreaths she sang the love-songs of her caste, and dreamt, as young girls will, of the prince

who might find them and come in search of the princess who had cast them upon the waters.

One day as Prince Culla was taking his bath in the health-giving waters of the holy Ganges, a flower-wreath caught in his hair. Carefully he removed it lest he break the frail blossoms. He looked at it, thinking, "Some woman has made this wreath. A young woman in the springtime of life, a tender girl it must have been to have woven so wonderfully this wreath of mountain flowers. I will search for her and make her my bride."

As the river flows from its source, the weaver of the wreath must dwell above him, thus he knew that he must seek his princess in the north. Swift of foot he sped along the river banks, ever looking for the maiden, every minute growing deeper in love with the image of the princess he had set up in his mind. Growing tired, he threw himself on the ground to rest under the shade of a friendly mango-tree around which vines entwined themselves, forming a natural ladder. The wind carried to him the sound of a voice singing sweet and

low love-songs of the Hindus. Prince Culla raised his head to hear whence came the voice and looking up saw the lovely maiden, Princess Nava-ratna, sitting high above him in the mango-tree.

“What are you, fair lady?” he asked, thinking it might be a tree-fairy trying to charm him.

“I am human, sir,” she replied.

“Come down, then,” quoth he.

“Sir, I cannot, for I am of the warrior caste with the blood of queens in my veins. My father would be angry with me should I tell him I have talked with one not of my caste.”

“Dear lady, I am also of the warrior caste and the blood of kings flows through my veins. Will you not come down?”

“No, no, sir, that I cannot do. Saying will not make a warrior. If you are of my caste, tell me the secrets of the mystery.”

Then and there Prince Culla, beneath the mango-tree, and Princess Nava-ratna, high up in its branches, repeated one to the other the sacred secrets of their caste. When the prin-

cess knew full well that Prince Culla was of the warrior caste she came down from the tree and they straightway fell in love, one with the other.

A long time they talked together, he telling her how he had fallen in love with the weaver of the wreath he had found in his hair when he was bathing in the holy waters of the Ganges, she telling him of the dreams of love that had filled her mind as she wove the wreaths out of the fairest mountain flowers. Thus they spent the time. When the mountains were casting long shadows, Prince Culla bade the princess good-bye, and telling her to meet him at the mango-tree the next morning when the sun was well up he returned to his hut lower down on the banks of the river.

With the fall of night the king and queen of Madda returned to the hut with the fruits of their day's labor. "Tell me, my child," said the king, "how you have spent this day."

As a dutiful daughter should, Princess Nava-ratna told them all the happenings of the day. Told them of the visit of Prince

Culla, the son of King Kalinga; told them how he came into the forest; how he lived in a hut below them on the Ganges; how he had found her wreaths and had come to search for the weaver. She told them, too, how he had found her high up in the mango-tree, and how they had recited one to the other the mysteries of the warrior caste. Then at last she told them that they loved each other.

The king and queen heard all. Saying no word they went apart to think in silence, for they knew not what to do and dearly they loved their jewel, Princess Nava-ratna, and wanted to make her happy. Some day, they knew, she must marry that she might carry out the destiny predicted by the stars. Some day must be born to her a son who was to be a universal monarch. They could not interfere with her destiny. It was to be. It was her fate.

The next morning when the sun was well up, Prince Culla went to the mango-tree to meet his beloved. There he found her with her father and mother awaiting him. The king

and queen of Madda embraced him, calling him their son, and gave their daughter to him for his wife.

In happy union for two years they all dwelt together, then one day after the rainy season, when the buds were opening their eyes to the light of the sun, a little boy with every sign of good luck and virtue was born to Prince Culla and Princess Nava-ratna. The little prince was named Kalinga after his dead grandfather, because one day he was to become a universal monarch, as the stars had foretold.

As he grew to manhood, his father and grandfather taught him all the arts and accomplishments of his caste. One day his father, Prince Culla, saw by the position of the stars that his brother, King Maha-Kalinga, had died. He then called his son to him, saying sorrowfully, "My son, you must no longer spend your life in the forest as have your parents. My brother the king, Kalinga the Greater, is now dead. You must go without delay to the palace in the city of Dantapura and receive the kingdom which is yours."

He then put into his hands the tokens, the signet-ring, the rug of rare and great beauty, and the sword, all of which he had carefully treasured the years he had dwelt in the forest.

“My son,” the prince said, “in the city of Dantapura on such a street and in such a house lives a courtier who is my very good servant. Go you there, descend into his house, enter his chamber, tell him you are the son of Prince Culla-Kalinga; show him these tokens that I have given you. He will place you upon the throne that is yours. May peace attend you.”

The lad bade farewell to his parents and grandparents and went away on his mission. Many secrets of nature are known to those who live the lives of holy men in the forests; thus Kalinga by power of his own virtue passed swiftly through the air over mountain peak and angry flowing rivers until he reached the house of the courtier in the city of Dantapura, according to the directions given him by his father.

Great was the surprise of the courtier, gray and bent with years of faithful service. He

knew not this youth who had descended upon him with the swiftness of a monsoon.

“Who are you?” said the courtier.

“The son of Kalinga the Less, who was the second son of King Kalinga. I am the son of the hermit of the Ganges who fled the kingdom to save his life and there in the forest married Princess Nava-ratna, daughter of the king and queen of Madda, hermits also.”

“Friend, saying that you are a son of my old master, Prince Kalinga the Less, does not make you his son. Tell me the secrets of our caste. Show me the tokens by which I was to know his son, else I will have you taken from my house as a thief who comes under the cover of night,” said the courtier.

After having repeated the mysteries of the warrior caste, Kalinga took from the folds of his garments, where he had hidden them, the three tokens given him by his father. Carefully he put each into the hands of the courtier, first the signet-ring, then the rug of rare and great beauty, and last the sword. Each piece the courtier examined with great care. When

he was assured that the youth standing before him was the grandson of his old master, King Kalinga, he threw himself upon his knees and saluted him as his king.

The next day he called together all the people of the city to proclaim to them the coming of their king. The people of the court decorated the palace and the city as befitted the crowning of a king. They spread the umbrella of royalty over his head; they anointed him with precious oils, and proclaimed the son of the hermit, Prince Culla-Kalinga and his wife, Princess Nava-ratna, the king of the kingdom of Kalinga.

Although he was now a king, Kalinga had many duties to perform before he could become the universal monarch of all India. The chaplain of the palace taught him first the ten ceremonies which a universal monarch must perform. These duties he learned and fulfilled and then he became universal monarch. On the fifteenth day, which was a fast day, kings from every kingdom in India came to pay tribute to him. Before a great assemblage

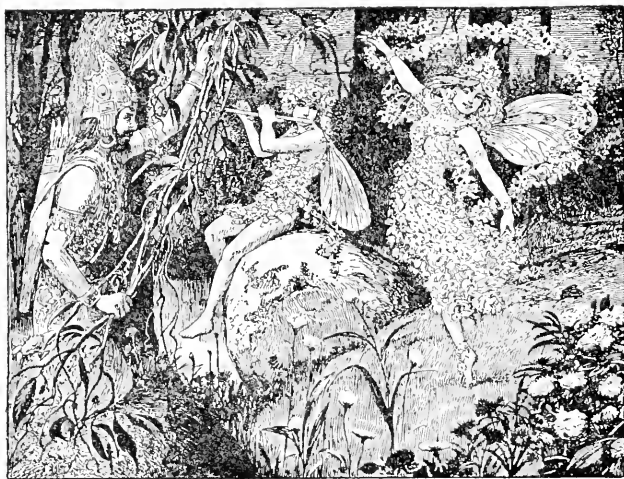
of kings, courtiers, and subjects, the palace chaplain presented to King Kalinga the insignia of office. First he received the Precious Wheel of Office, which was to guide him; secondly he was given the Precious Elephant, which was to carry him; third, he received the Precious Horse, for kingly sacrifice, and fourth the Precious Jewel. These gifts were followed by the Precious Wife, the daughter of the greatest king in the Empire, who came accompanied by her retinue to pay homage to her king and lord.

Thus did King Kalinga fulfill the prophecy of the stars. The son of Culla-Kalinga and of Nava-ratna had become the universal monarch of the world.

Now that the king had fulfilled all the ceremonies of office, he bethought him of his aged parents and grandparents who still dwelt in their huts on the banks of the Ganges. Calling together a great company of chaplains, courtiers, and subjects, all in robes of state, covering in all six-and-thirty leagues, the king, mounted on an elephant all white and as tall

as a peak of Mount Ketusa, gorgeous with trappings of gold, set out in pomp and splendor to visit his parents.

After worshipping at the sacred bo-tree for seven days, and performing a miracle, he called upon all the dwellers of the world to bring wreaths to lay at its roots. His religious duty thus done, he then proceeded to the dwelling place of his parents and grandparents. Great was their rejoicing when they saw him appear on his white elephant. King Kalinga saluted them with affection, and placing them also on white elephants, the gifts of kings, he took them back to the palace at Dantapura where they dwelt in peace, giving alms and doing good deeds until one by one each was called to be judged according to his deserts.



The Fairies in the Mountain of the Moon

IN the Himalaya Mountains far, far up north in India is the Abode of Winter. Here peak after peak reaches up until it touches the blue sky who welcomes it by shedding over it some wonderful light. Over one mountain peak it throws a silver light, while another receives a gold, and yet another glistens as though studded with precious stones. In these

lonely regions the mountain fairies dwell in peace and happiness. As long as they abide in their mountain homes, their gods watch over them, but if they wander to the haunts of men they must care for themselves, for the ways of the fairies are not the ways of men.

In a cave on the side of a mountain which glowed with a soft silver light and was called the Mountain of the Moon, two fairies dwelt who were called Soma, which means the moon, and Surya, his wife. No children had they, so all day long they played just as boys and girls play, running about laughing and singing.

It was the custom of the fairies who dwelt on the Mountain of the Moon to stay up in their mountain while it was raining in the valley, but as soon as the rains were over, they knew that all the sweet flowers were peeping out of the earth, and that the streams were running swiftly, so they longed to go down to play in the warm sunshine.

When all the fairies went down into the valley, having forgotten all they had been taught by their wise parents, Soma and Surya

went, too. Glad and happy were they to get away from the Abode of Winter in the Mountain of the Moon, and they welcomed with joyous sounds the return of spring. No thought had they of harm. They wandered about shady glens picking fragrant blossoms which they made into garments, both inner and outer, to cover themselves. They anointed themselves with perfumes, and ate the pollen of the flowers, a dainty food for even a fairy. Oh, they were happy! They swung on the creepers that hung from the trees; they sang songs to the sun and moon, to the stars and to the wind in voices of honey. When the day grew warm they followed the stream in search of a place where the water was shallow and ran over smooth shining stones. There they laid their pretty garments of flowers upon the bank, and went into the stream, hand in hand, scattering about flowers and playing with the water the way children do even to this day.

As the day grew old, they grew tired of play and sought some fair spot upon which they might rest. They put on once more their

garments of flowers, and upon a sandy spot, hard and white like a silver plate, they made a bed of sweet-smelling flowers, and hand in hand they lay down to rest and to sleep.

When the moon came up she saw her children lying on their bed of flowers fast asleep. Not wishing to awaken them suddenly, she cast very gentle beams in their eyes, hoping that they would open and welcome her, for when the moon throws her silver light over the world, the fairies must not sleep. Soma was the first to awake. "Come, come, dear wife," he cried, "we must be up; the moon with a full face is looking at us. Come let us revel in the moonlight, and drink the potion of the gods."

Soma then picked a piece of bamboo that grew by the side of the stream and made a flute of it. Then he played upon it the love-songs of the Hindus while Surya sang and danced, waving her pretty soft hands to the tune of the music. Thus they reveled in the moonlight.

Now at the time the fairies were playing at the foot of the Mountain of the Moon, the king

of Benares thought as the rainy season was over, he would go alone on a pilgrimage to the mountains, so he put the government in the hands of trusted ministers and laid aside his robes of state. Clad all in yellow and armed with five weapons, a sword, a spear, a bow, a battle-axe, and a shield, he proceeded to the Himalayas. When night drew near he sought a stream where he might with safety eat his venison, and lay down to sleep on the soft banks.

Tired after a long day's travel, the king soon fell asleep. The moon arose and cast a silver light all about him but awoke him not, for he came from the country of men who foolishly sleep when the moon makes the earth beautiful, hence she loves them not. No, the moon loves the gods and the fairies who love her and who play and sing in her soft light while men sleep never knowing its joy.

The king awoke. The sound of music, the love-songs of the Hindus sung sweet and low, came to his ear and drove away the sounds of the bugs and leaves of the forest. He raised

his head to hear! Yes, it was near to him! Softly he arose from his couch on the bank, softly he trod over the earth that his footsteps might not be heard for fear the singer might be frightened away. Softly he followed the sound until he could see from a secret place the fairies dancing and singing.

As he looked at Surya clad in garments of flowers dancing and singing in the moonlight he straightway fell in love with her. Never in the city of Benares had he seen a woman so fair, so lovely as Surya. "I will shoot the husband," thought he, "and I will live here in the mountains with his beautiful wife away from care and sorrow." Then he took up his bow and arrow and shot poor Soma, causing a mortal wound.

Surya had heard not a sound; she was lost in the delight of her singing and dancing, and deaf to all else. But not hearing the sound of the flute she paused. Seeing her lord lying on the ground with his face turned away she knew not what was the matter. This was not sweet sleep, for the moon was still shining brightly.

She stooped over him; she saw blood oozing from the mouth of the wound. She felt he was near death, and with a great cry of sorrow she threw herself on the ground by his side. Soma opened his eyes, looked tearfully upon the weeping Surya, then closed them, for they were heavy with the sleep of death.

“The fairy husband must be dead,” thought the king in his secret place. “I will now show myself to the wife.” Surya, quick of hearing as a forest animal, thinking the king was a robber who had shot her husband, ran trembling up the side of the mountain to an enchanted spot upon which the children of men may not tread. Here she sobbed out her sorrow.

Feeling that the fairy might not know that it was a king who sought her, he followed her singing,

“Weep not nor grieve, the woodland dark has blinded thee, I ween;
A royal house shall honor thee, and thou shalt be my queen.”

“What is this I hear? What is this thou

hast said? Thou who hast slain my husband, a king from the land of mortals! Were you thrice a king I would not give you my love." Then she sang until her voice echoed and reëchoed all over the mountains, until all the fairies heard.

"No! I will surely slay myself, thine I will never be, Thou who slew my husband and all for love of me."

As she sang in anger and sorrow, she slowly came out of her hiding-place and stood, bowed with grief, in the light of the moon. The king looked upon her, and her garments woven in happiness of many-colored blossoms now turned white as became the garments of sorrow; her hands she folded upon her heart and the moon sadly cast a mantle of darkness over her. So the king saw her now. The love that had been born in his heart when Surya was light and gay took the wings of a bird when sorrow enfolded her. He wanted her no longer for his wife, for the ways of the fairies are not the ways of men. Turning to depart down the mountain he sang:

“Live if thou wilt, O timid one! to the Himalaya go;
Creatures that feed on shrub and tree, the woodland
love, I know.”

Surya waited until she could no longer see him in the moonlight or hear his footsteps on the soft earth, then she sped down to the spot where she had left her beloved dying. Picking him up in her arms as though he were a child she carried him up the hilltop and laid him there on the flat land. She placed his head in her lap, and moaned as she sang:

“The fairies love the fragrant hills, plants cover every
spot;
What shall I do, O fairy mine, now that I see thee
not.”

She laid her hand on his heart; she felt it was still warm! “My Soma, my beloved lives,” she cried. “I will make the gods bring him back to life.” So saying she called upon the gods who watch over the fairies on the Mountain of the Moon. They seemed not to hear her. Then she taunted them for their neglect. “Are there none who govern the world? Are

the gods asleep, or on a journey, or are they, perhaps, dead and cannot save my husband?" Over and over she said these words, but the gods would not hear, for the fairies had disobeyed them when they left the Abode of Winter high up on the top of the Mountain of the Moon and had sought the haunts of men in the valley below.

At last by the very power of the pain in Surya's heart the throne of great god Sakka became hot. Pondering he saw the cause. Taking upon himself the form of a Brahmin he approached the weeping Surya. From a water-pot which he held in his hand, he sprinkled Soma as his last breath was departing from him. The instant the water touched him, the poison ceased to act and he knew not where the wound had been. The color of life came back to his cheeks and lips, and he sprang to his feet as though he had just been awakened from a sweet sleep.

When Surya saw her husband standing before her full of life, she fell at the feet of Sakka singing his praise and saying:

“Praise holy Brahmin who didst give unto a hapless wife
Her well-loved husband, sprinkling him with the
elixir of life.”

Before Sakka ascended to his home among the gods he bade them hearken to his words, saying, “From this time forth go not down from the Mountain of the Moon to the paths of men. Abide you in the haunts of fairies.” This he repeated twice and then returned to his own place.

When he had disappeared Surya sprang to her feet, crying, “Why stay here longer, my lord, when danger lies in hill and tree? In the paths of men, for me you have stood face to face with death. The great god Sakka, moved with pity for me, gave you back to life. Come, come, beloved, let us flee to the Mountain of the Moon, before misfortune again overtakes us.”

And away by light of the moon ran the fairies hand in hand. Up and up the silver sides of these mountains, in their joy singing until the whole mountain rang with it:

“To the mountain let us go,
Where the lovely rivers flow,
Rivers all o’ergrown with flowers;
There forever, while the breeze
Whispers in a thousand trees
Charm with talk the happy hours.”

Soma and Surya lived happily for many, many years on the top of the Mountain of the Moon where the fairies live. Never again, even when the flowers and streams in the valley below called them to come, did they leave their fairy home to go to the haunts of men, for the ways of fairies are not the ways of men.



May You Live a Hundred Years

ONE day when the Brethren were gathered together in the Hall of Truth, some one sneezed. "May you live a hundred years," said a brother. "The same to you," answered the first. All the Brethren laughed. It seemed very foolish to them. Then one of the Brethren said to the master, "How came we to have this custom?"

“That happened long, long ago. Listen and I shall tell you a tale of how people came to answer, ‘Long life to you,’ by saying, ‘The same to you,’ after a person had sneezed.”

Once upon a time there dwelt in a haunted house just outside the gates of the city of Benares, a wicked goblin. After a service of twelve years upon Vessavana, a monster with a white skin, three legs, and eight wicked teeth, who guards the precious jewels down deep in the heart of the earth, the goblin had earned the right to live in the house and to capture and eat all who came there to sleep, but only under certain conditions. As no one wants to go alone to stay in a haunted house, always two or more would go together. Now if one of these men should sneeze, and no one would say to him, “Long life to you,” or, “May you live a hundred years,” or if the one who sneezed would forget to answer, “The same to you,” any of these he had the right from Vessavana to eat, but no one else. As we all know, no one can sneeze just when he wants to, and

sometimes people do not sneeze for days, so this wicked goblin brewed some magic powder which he threw from the central rafter of the hut where he always sat. Thus he made *everybody* sneeze who came into his hut.

At this time in the far-off kingdom of Kasi a lawyer dwelt who had a son named Bodhissata, famed at the early age of sixteen for his learning and piety. When the youth reached manhood, his father said to him, "My son, here is a fine jewel for you to keep. Tomorrow we shall set out to see the world. It is right that you should travel before you go to the forest to lead a hermit's life."

The next day at dawn they left the city of their birth, traveling through village and town until they arrived at Benares after the city gates were closed for the night. The kind-hearted gatekeeper cooked a meal for them, but lodgings for late wayfarers he had none. "Where may we rest?" they asked him. "We are weary and tired after our long day's travel."

Then the gatekeeper thought of the goblin's

hut which was the only place outside the city. "But," he said, "this house is haunted," and then he told them the story of the wicked goblin. "But you can sleep there if you like," he added.

The lawyer shook his head sadly. "I have a wife and children in the kingdom of Kasi; return to them I must," said he.

But his son replied, "Have no fear of any goblin, Father. If the house is haunted, I will subdue the wicked one and bring him to your feet." Trusting the power of his son, the lawyer went in peace to the hut.

The father lay down on the bench hoping that sleep would soon bless him, while his son sat beside him, chafing the feet of the aged man that had become sore with travel. Thus they were.

Just as soon as the goblin saw the lawyer, whose name was Kassapa, resting, he threw down some magic dust which caused Kassapa to sneeze long and loud. Now his son, Bodhisatta, thought it a very foolish custom to wish a person a long life just because he hap-

pened to sneeze, so he did not say a word, but went on rubbing his father's feet.

The goblin put an ear down to hear if the son said the words, but no sound came up to him. Off the rafter he hopped, and down on the floor of the hut all ready to devour his victim, but Bodhisatta saw him descend and these thoughts ran through his mind: "Doubtless this must be the goblin who eats up all who do not say, 'May you live a hundred years.' It was he who made my father sneeze!" Seeking to outwit the goblin's cunning by his knowledge, he said:

"Father, live a hundred years and twenty more, I pray!

May no goblins eat you up; live a hundred years, I say."

When the goblin heard these words he thought, "This youth I cannot eat because he said 'May you live a hundred years,' but I shall eat his father this very minute for he did not answer him," so up he jumped, opening his big mouth very wide. As he drew near

Kassapa felt his hot breath and said quickly to his son:

“ You, too, live a hundred years, aye, and twenty more
I pray;
Poison be the goblin’s food; live a hundred years, I
say.”

When the goblin heard these words he turned away. “ Neither of these men may I eat,” he thought, “ otherwise I break my word with Vessavana, and that I may not do. Yet not a man have I had for many days, so great has the custom become in India of saying, ‘ May you live a hundred years,’ when a person sneezes. If this keeps up I shall lose my means of earning my living.” With these thoughts in his mind he returned sadly to his perch up in the roof on the central rafter.

In the heart of Bodhisatta there was no fear of man or beast. He believed that if people treated every one with kindness only kindness would be returned. When he saw the hungry goblin leaving them, he sought to question him. “ Come, goblin, tell us, how is it that you eat the people who enter this building? ”

“Twelve long years did I give good and faithful service to Vessavana, god of the lower regions,” answered the goblin; “for that service he gave me the right to dwell in this house where oftentimes lodge the travelers who come late to the city and find her gates closed.”

“What!” said Bodhisatta, “you are allowed to eat *all*, the good as well as the wicked? You eat *every one* that misfortune brings to sleep beneath your roof? Are none allowed to escape?”

“No,” replied the goblin, “not every one may I eat, but only those who will not say, ‘The same to you,’ when another wishes them to live a hundred years. You see, those who have good manners are saved alive.”

“Goblin,” said Bodhisatta, “surely in one of your past lives you have done some terribly wicked deed which has caused you to be born as a fierce and cruel monster. If you continue in your life of wickedness, bringing death upon those who have done no harm, do you know that you shall pass from darkness into dark-

ness when you are called from this life to be judged according to your deeds? Think upon it."

The poor goblin had never thought that some time he would have to suffer for all the bad deeds he had done. No one had ever been kind to him before. Meekly he asked Bodhisatta to teach him how to live a good life. All the night long, while Kassapa slept peacefully, Bodhisatta sat on the floor beside the goblin teaching him the Truth as he had been taught by his master, but first he showed him how wrong it was to take the life of man or beast. When the day dawned, the wicked goblin had become as humble and obedient as an errand-boy.

Very early the gatekeeper of the city went to the hut to see how the travelers had fared during the night. When he saw them sitting peacefully talking to the man-eating goblin, he thought a miracle had been performed and he went straightway to the palace where he told the king all about the wonderful thing that had happened during the night. He told

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the king how the lawyer Kassapa from the far-off kingdom of Kasi had come with his son Bodhisatta to the city at nightfall when the gates were closed. How he had given them food, and how they had lodged for the night in the haunted house of the wicked goblin. And last he told the king of the wonder of wonders, that the terrible monster was as obedient as an errand-boy, all because of the kindness and teachings of the youth Bodhisatta.

The good king, who liked not to take the life even of a monster, was greatly pleased to find that he had a good subject in his kingdom in place of a bad one. He at once sent his messenger to bring Kassapa, Bodhisatta, and the goblin to the palace that they might receive honors according to their deeds. Bodhisatta, because of his great learning and merciful ways, was made commander-in-chief over all the kingdom. Upon Kassapa the king heaped honors as became the aged father of a great and good man. The goblin was made a tax-gatherer. Thus each man received his earthly

rewards according to his deeds, and after years of doing good and giving alms each departed from this world to swell the hosts of heaven.



The Miser and the Mess of Pottage

Down towards the end of a dark, gloomy street in the city of Benares lives an old man, so old that he cannot remember when he was born, but he tells such wonderful tales that people come to hear him from all over India. One day some pilgrims stopped at his door and calling to him said, "Father, we are strangers in your city; tell us of the people who have dwelt within its gates." And the old man told them this story.

Long, long ago before any one now living remembers, Benares had for its treasurer a very rich man named Kosiya, who was known the kingdom over as the millionaire miser. Now Kosiya had not earned a dollar of his great wealth, but had inherited it from an ancestor who was the most charitable man in the whole world.

Kosiya's ancestor, because of his great wealth, had also been in his day, treasurer of the kingdom, but he was as much beloved by all the people as Kosiya was hated. One day he thought, "I am growing old and my years must now be numbered. I must make safe in Heaven my own future and that of my sons and their sons and all that follow in my line. This I can do best by giving alms to the poor."

So he built six alms-halls, one at each of the four city gates, one in the heart of the city, and one at the very door of his own house. Every day from these halls thousands of pieces of money were given away, and the name of this charitable man was known up and down the kingdom by the humble and lowly who had

asked for aid, for no one was turned away with an empty hand.

As the days traveled into months and years, Kosiya's ancestor saw in deeds of love the seeds sowed in his alms-halls. That the good work might go on forever, he called his son to him and said, "Matali, you see I am now a very old man and shall tarry but a short time in this world. It is my wish that you, your sons, and your son's sons unto the end of my line shall dispense alms from the halls I have built. As long as this is done the vaults will be kept filled with gold and the place of their souls in Heaven will depend upon their charitable acts. I bid you and tell you to bid them to break not the chain."

Matali gave his word that his father's command should be kept, and thus the alms-halls became part of the city of Benares and the vaults of gold never grew less. After five generations had passed Kosiya, the sixth in descent, was born.

When Kosiya became of age he also came into possession of the fortune of his ancestors.

The king of Benares, thinking that the tradition of the family would be kept alive, made him treasurer of the kingdom as had been his ancestors. But when Kosiya took the office he said to himself, "My forefathers were fools. They flung away money they had worked hard to scrape together. I will guard the treasure. I will not give a penny to a soul, no matter how poor he may be." True to his word he tore down the six alms-halls and burned the wood in his fire. And each day he was more of a miser than he was the day before.

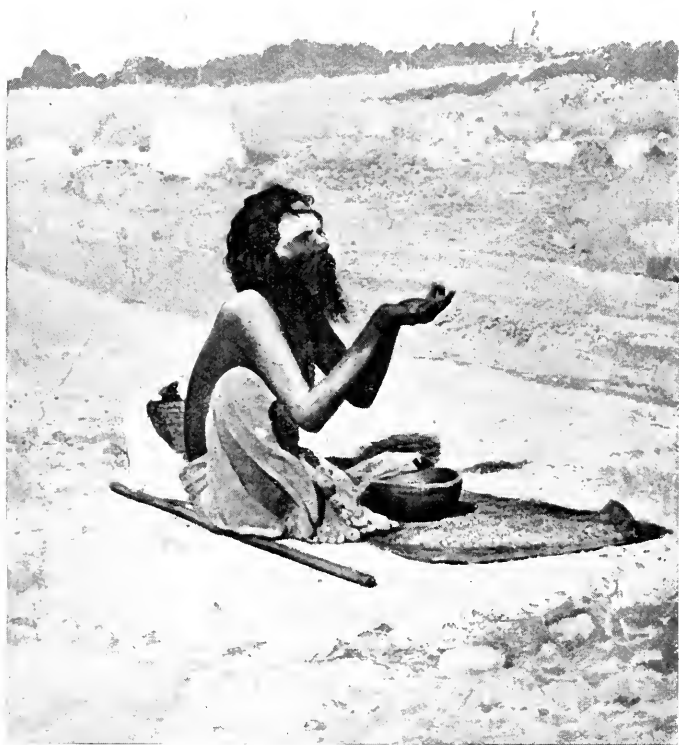
When the beggars from the four corners of the kingdom whose ancestors for six generations had asked for charity found the alms-halls had been torn down and burned, they assembled at Kosiya's door. Stretching forth their arms they cried in loud voices, "Oh, Lord High Treasurer, do not put away the tradition of your family; give us alms."

Kosiya pretended not to hear their cries, but it made him angry and ashamed to have the crying beggars at his gate, so he told his servants to drive them away. Being destitute, the

beggars soon left him in peace and he continued to store more gold in his vaults.

Because of his high estate, soon after he came of age Kosiya married a rich woman and in the course of years they had three beautiful children, yet he neither enjoyed his great wealth himself nor would he share it with his wife and children. His food was rice served with sour gruel and his clothes were coarse garments woven out of the roots and stalks of bushes. In the summer, to keep off the heat of the sun, he carried a parasol made of the leaves and twigs of trees, and he rode in a crazy old chariot drawn by two ancient oxen. Thus all the money Kosiya received from his ancestors was of as much use as a cocoanut is to a dog.

Now one day when he was going to the palace to wait upon the king he thought he would take with him his assistant, the sub-treasurer. When Kosiya reached the man's house he found him sitting happily in the midst of his family feasting on rice that had been cooked with powdered sugar in fresh milk and served with honey. The sub-treasurer arose



HINDU BEGGAR WITH HIS BOWL.

from his seat when he saw Kosiya and said to him, "Come, sit on this couch, Lord High Treasurer, and have some of this rice porridge with me."

Kosiya looked at the rice porridge and thinking of his own rice and sour gruel his mouth watered to taste it, but he thought, "If I eat some of this rice porridge now when the sub-treasurer comes to my house I shall have to return his hospitality and my money will be wasted. I will not eat it." The sub-treasurer again pressed him to eat it but he replied, "I have already dined; I am filled."

All the time they were enjoying the food, Kosiya sat looking on with his mouth still watering. When the meal was ended the men went to the palace, but at each thought of the rice porridge Kosiya's mouth watered so that he could scarcely speak to the king; even when he returned home he could not keep from craving rice porridge cooked like the sub-treasurer's. Kosiya would try to think of ways of making more money, then suddenly the thought of rice porridge would come into his mind and

crowd all other thoughts out, besides making his mouth water. He was afraid to tell any one he wanted the porridge because he thought they would want some, too. "If I should say I wanted rice porridge," he thought, "a lot of people would want to eat it, and a quantity of husked rice, milk, sugar, and honey would be wasted. I will not say a word to a creature." Thus the miserly man denied himself a little thing that he longed to have for fear others might enjoy it, too.

He thought of nothing else but the porridge day and night, yet for fear of having to spend his money he kept his craving to himself. Gradually he became weaker and paler and very soon he could not even attend to his duties as treasurer but had to lie all day on his bed, all because of his craving for the rice porridge.

When his wife saw that he was ill, she came to his bedside and stroking gently his forehead said, "Is my lord ill?"

"Ill yourself! I am quite well!" he cried, fearing that she might discover his secret craving.

“ My lord, you have grown pale. Have you anything on your mind? Is the king displeased with you, or have you been treated with disrespect by your children? Tell me, my lord, have you a craving for something? It is said that if it is not gratified it so affects the body as to cause illness.”

Kosiya could no longer keep silent. “ Can you keep a secret? ” he whispered.

“ Yes, I will be silent about any craving that ought to be kept a secret.”

Even when so assured, he could not tell her for fear of wasting a little money. After she kept on asking about his craving he broke down and said, “ My dear, one day when I went to see the sub-treasurer, I saw him eating rice porridge that had been cooked with powdered sugar in fresh milk and was served with honey. From that day to this, I have had a craving to eat the same kind of porridge. Try as I may, I can think of naught else, and my mouth waters as a running stream.”

“ Why, my poor lord, are you so badly off that you cannot have the little that your heart

desires and for which your mouth waters?" and thinking to please him she added, "I will cook enough porridge for you and for all the inhabitants of Benares."

Her generous words made the miserly Kosiya feel as though his wife had struck his head with a stick. He became very angry, for he felt she was boasting of her wealth. "I am well aware that you are rich. If the money is to come from your family, if you wish, you may cook and give porridge to the whole city."

When she saw that her offer had made him angry she said, "Well, I will make enough for a single street."

"What have I to do with the people of the street? Let them eat what belongs to them."

"Then I will make enough for seven households, taken here and there at random."

"What are these people to you?" the husband replied still angry, with the craving for the porridge becoming stronger every minute.

"Then I will cook it for the attendants of

the household." This pleased him no better and again he shook his head. "What are they to you?"

"Then I will cook it for our kinsfolk."

Still the mean man would not agree, but said, "What are they to you?"

Not discouraged in her effort to cure her husband she said, "Well then, my lord, I will cook for you and me."

"And pray who are you? You have no such craving for rice porridge. It is not allowable that you should have it."

"I will cook it for you only, my lord."

Even this last offer did not please the miserly Kosiya, for he thought others might want to taste the porridge if they saw him eating it.

"Pray do not cook it for me. If you cook it in the house, a lot of people will smell it and want a taste. Give me a measure of husked rice, a quart of fresh milk, a pound of powdered sugar, a pot of honey, and a cooking vessel. I will take them and going alone into the forest by a secret path I will cook the rice porridge as I wish, and eat all of it myself."

As Kosiya's wife wished to see him well again, she got together all the things to make the rice porridge and putting them in the hands of a slave, told him to await the bidding of his master.

The thought that he was soon to eat the porridge he craved gave the mean and miserly Kosiya the strength to get up from his bed and make ready to set off for the forest. First he told the slave to go to a secret spot that was screened by trees and bushes. Then he made a veil for his face so that no one could see the "Lord High Treasurer of the city of Benares" making rice porridge for himself alone. "Go, stand in yonder place," he commanded the slave. "If you see any one, make a sign to me. When I call, come to me."

As soon as the slave was lost to sight and he knew he was quite alone the miser gathered the sticks for his fire and when it was burning good and bright he started to cook his long-craved porridge.

In those days in old India people believed, just as many do to-day, that the Angels in

Heaven watch over those they loved on earth. Now, Kosiya's ancestor, the one who had built the alms-halls and left the great fortune for charity, had become in Heaven a great king called Sakka, all because of his good deeds on earth. His kingdom was 100,000 leagues long and as many wide. His palace of the purest gold was a thousand leagues high. The throne of Sakka was of yellow marble, sixty leagues in extent, and his white umbrella was five leagues around with a wreath of gold lotus-leaves on the top. He was surrounded by 25,000 of the most beautiful saints in Heaven who, in honeyed voices, sang songs of praise.

One day as he was sitting on his throne he thought, "What did I do on earth that I should attain this glory and honor in Heaven?" and carefully he numbered his good works in the world. "It was my almsgiving," he said to himself. "It was because I built the six alms-halls in the city of Benares and out of my plentiful vaults of gold I gave to the poor who came from the length and breadth of the king-

dom to beg at my doors. It was my charity that won for me this high place among the saints of Heaven."

Then he thought of his own son and the ones who had come after him, even to the last of the line who was on earth. Counting them on his fingers, he said, "My son, Matali, is now an angel and his son also," and so he went on, marking each of his descendants until he came to Kosiya. He thought, "Ah, he is my representative on earth; I must see how he is keeping up the alms-halls."

He then opened the great door of Heaven, looked down on the earth, and saw Kosiya in the forest cooking his rice porridge alone. He saw the sick, poor, and old and crippled turned away from the gates of the city because the alms-halls had been torn down and the vaults of money were locked with iron bars. Sakka was very angry when he saw that all his good works on earth had been destroyed by Kosiya. "This wicked fellow is mean and niggardly. He neither enjoys his wealth himself nor gives of it to others. If he does not change his ways

he will not be able to join his forefathers in Heaven."

Then he called his angel son Matali and all the rest of his descendants who were in Heaven and said to them, "The tradition of our family has been broken by Kosiya who has burned the alms-halls that I built. He does not enjoy the money himself nor will he permit others to. He is mean and niggardly. To satisfy a great craving for rice porridge cooked with sugar in sweet milk and served with honey, he has gone into the forest to cook and eat it so that he will not have to share it with a soul. Come, we must visit the earth. We must teach Kosiya the fruits of almsgiving that his soul may be saved alive. Disguised as hermits, we must go one at a time and beg some food from him. Should we go together to beg, his heart is so small he would fall dead on the spot. I will go first and you must follow me one at a time."

So saying he became a hermit and flew off to the earth. Going up slowly to Kosiya who was cooking his porridge he said, "Ho, which is the road to Benares?"

“Have you lost your wits?” Kosiya answered angrily, thinking of the beating he would give to the slave for not attending to his business. “Do you not even know the road to Benares? Get thee hence.”

Sakka went up very close to him; pretending to be deaf he put his hand to his ear and asked him what he said.

“You deaf old hermit, why are you coming this way? Go yonder.”

“Why do you bawl so loud and try to drive me away? I take it you are preparing a feast for some holy men. I have come a long way. I am hungry and would like to be fed.”

“This is not a feast,” replied Kosiya, getting more angry every minute. “Be off with you.”

“Then why are you so angry? Surely you would not eat alone. When you eat your meal give me a little, for I am old and tired and have not tasted food this whole day.”

“Not a single grain of boiled rice will I give you. This scanty food is just enough to keep me alive; even this I begged. Go look for

your food elsewhere. I have nothing to give."

Instead of going the hermit seated himself on the ground and although Kosiya tried to stop him he sang in a honeyed voice:

"From little one should little give, from moderate means likewise;

From much give much: of giving naught no question can arise.

This then I tell thee. Kosiya, give alms of what is thine,

Eat not alone, no bliss is his that by himself will dine.

By charity thou may'st ascend the noble path divine."

Kosiya, who had never before heard any one speak that way, began to feel that it might not be quite right to eat all the porridge himself, so he said, "They are very pretty words, hermit; pray seat yourself next to me and when the porridge is cooked thou shalt receive a little."

When Sakka, the hermit, was seated, Kosiya heard footsteps again and looking up from the pot saw standing beside him another hermit who was really Matali in disguise. "What

can that slave be doing?" Kosiya thought. "Has he gone to sleep? Oh, what a beating I will give him." Then he turned to the second hermit and said, "Get thee gone; this is no feast."

But Matali, who appeared not to hear him, seated himself beside the first hermit. "Vain is sacrifice and vain the craving of thy heart, should thou eat food and grudge thy guest a little part," he repeated.

The miser Kosiya said when he heard these words, "Well, sit down and I will give you a little porridge."

One by one from Heaven came these ancestors of Kosiya's, each disguised as a hermit and each one told him the same thing, that the craving of his heart would never be satisfied unless he shared food with others. Last came Kosiya's own father whom of course he did not know as the old hermit. "Like the greedy fish is he who has a guest and dines alone," the father told his son.

The miser groaned aloud in fear that after the guests were served there would be no por-

ridge left for himself, yet he did not dare to send the holy men away unfed. The porridge was done by this time, so Kosiya took the pot from the fire and called to the hermits to gather leaves on which he might serve them porridge. They stretched forth their arms and from a creeper picked leaves large as a warrior's shield.

"Pigs!" cried Kosiya, "I cannot give you porridge on those large leaves. Get some leaves from the acacia; they are smaller."

This they did, although they picked the largest they could find. With a big wooden spoon, Kosiya helped, from the pot, each of the hermits, and when he was through there was still plenty left for himself. For fear they might see how much he had left and ask for more, Kosiya sat down with the pot on his lap. Just as he was going to take a mouthful, the first hermit became a dog and ran up to Kosiya barking and tried to lick his hand. The other hermits covered their porridge up with their leaves but Kosiya, having only the pot, covered up his with his hands while he beat off the dog

with his foot. In the meantime the hermits, who had brought water in their jars, mixed it with their porridge and began to eat.

“Give me some water,” Kosiya said to them, “that I may wash my hands that the dog licked, and eat my porridge.”

“Fetch water yourself to wash your hands,” they answered.

“I gave you porridge; give me a little water.”

“You know very well it is forbidden to make a business of exchanging alms.”

“Well, then, surely you will guard my cooking-pot while I go to wash my hands that I may eat.” So saying Kosiya placed the pot beside one of the hermits and went to the river to wash his hands.

Scarcely had he turned his back before the dog went up to the porridge-pot and started to eat the contents. Kosiya heard the noise, turned around and saw the dog eating up his long-craved porridge. Picking up a stick from the ground, he went angrily towards the animal who immediately turned into a spirited

horse. First it was white, then black, then gold in color, and then mottled. First it was a very high horse, then a little pony. Now, Kosiya had seen the hermits do many very wonderful tricks, but never before had he seen anything like this, and he was very much afraid something terrible would happen to him.

As Kosiya drew near the other hermits to ask their help, in a twinkling of an eye they all turned into angels and flew up in the air, forming a circle over his head. As the light from their bodies fell upon Kosiya all fear and craving faded away from him and he called up to them:

“ Noble hermits standing in mid-air,
Why does this dog of yours thus strangely wear
A thousand varied forms, tho’ one he be,
Tell me and tell me truly, hermits, who are ye? ”

“ We are your ancestors and I am Sakka, who built, when I lived on the earth, the alms-halls of the city of Benares which you have caused to be burned. I am the Chief God of the Thirty-three; Matali here is the Heavenly

Charioteer, and the others are Angels of High Degree."

Just as the warm rays of the sun on a chill day enter into the very hearts of men, warming their souls, so did the glory from his ancestors enter Kosiya's.

"How do men attain such heavenly glory as this?" Kosiya asked them.

"Those who do not practise charity, who are miserly and evil-doers, never reach the angel world. Those who give alms and keep themselves free from sin, win Heaven," the angels replied.

Then Sakka said to him, "My son, we have not come down from Heaven to visit you for the sake of the porridge, but from love and pity. We who lived on this earth before you and whose kin you are looked down on the world and saw in you a miser and a man of wrath and sin. We saw that your miserliness had caused to be destroyed the good works of your ancestors. If you had continued so to live you could never join us in Heaven. We have come down to teach you a lesson that you

may mend your ways and when you are called you may join your forefathers among the hosts of Heaven."

"You are, then, my well-wishers and seek my good," Kosiya said. "You have come to teach me the evil of my ways so that I may change them and be beloved by all people. I will follow your advice as far as I understand it. From now on I will cease from my mean, stingy, sinful ways. I will give alms to all; not even a cup of water will I drain unshared. I will gradually give away my great wealth and become a hermit."

When Sakka saw that Kosiya had been changed from a man who was mean and miserly to one who was good and charitable he waved his arms to his attendant angels and up they floated in their robes of silver until they were lost in the gray-blue mists of the sky, and Kosiya never saw them again.

When the heavenly light of the angels had faded away and all the forest about him looked natural again, Kosiya started for his home in Benares. The slave he had left at the edge of

the forest had grown tired from his long wait and had fallen asleep at his post. Kosiya shook him gently by the shoulder, saying, "Friend, here is a piece of silver for thee; go into the city and buy thyself some food for thou hast been here a long time."

The poor fellow, who had never had even a kind word from his master to say nothing of a piece of silver, was too amazed even to thank him. Clutching the silver tightly in his hands, he hurriedly picked himself up and ran towards the city, beating his head with his hand, for he feared his master had lost his mind.

With his head bowed in thought, Kosiya walked slowly to his home in the city. His wife, seeing him coming, ran out in joy to meet him.

"My lord, thou hast recovered from thy illness. The porridge has made thee well," she said.

He took her face gently between his hands and kissed her forehead. "I am indeed well, for I have been cured not only of my craving for the porridge but of a vile and sinful illness

of the soul. Call my children that I may bless them, then I ask that you have cooked for *all* the people of the city of Benares rice porridge made with powdered sugar and milk and served with honey." His wife, like the poor slave, too amazed for words at the great change that had come over her lord, hurried away to carry out his orders.

Kosiya went to the palace without delay to ask the king's permission to rebuild the alms-halls he had caused to be burned. The king, like the slave and the wife, was so amazed at the generous request from the millionaire miser, that he hastened to grant it without asking a question.

From the palace Kosiya went to call together all the carpenters and bricklayers in the city and told them to go to work to build new alms-halls without delay. Like the slave, the wife, and the king, they were too amazed for words, so they went right to work and soon had the halls finished. Kosiya then had all the gold brought from the vaults to the alms-halls. From the time the sun rose in the morning and

the gates of the city opened until it went to sleep at night with the closing of the city gates, the beggars from the four corners of India, the poor, the sick, the crippled came to the alms-halls of Kosiya, and not one ever went away with an empty hand.

Of course people wondered much about the change of heart that had come to Kosiya, but he never told any one, not even his wife, of the visit of the angels while he was in the forest.

But as the years went on, every one grew to love and respect him. People forgot they had called him the millionaire miser and he became known for his goodness and charity all over the kingdom.

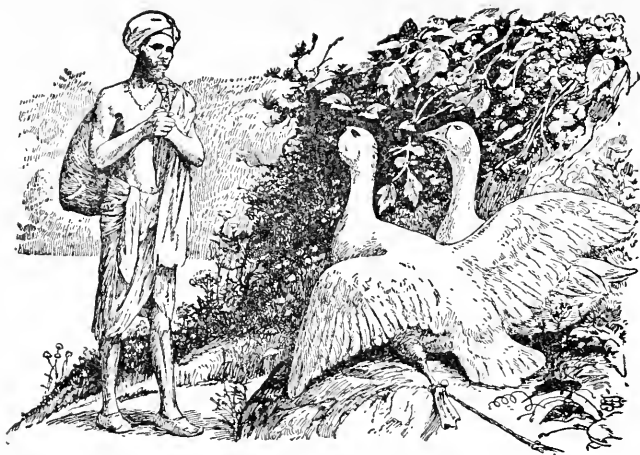
When he felt that he was growing old, he called his sons to him one day and told them that he was going to leave them to live the life of a hermit. He bade them at the cost of their souls never to let the alms-halls be destroyed, so that the traditions of their ancestors should be kept up until the end of the line. To teach them a lesson so that they might never fall into the mean and miserly ways of his own youth,

Kosiya told them the story of the visit of Sakka and the angels when he was in the forest cooking his porridge alone. Then he bade them good-bye and started away to build a hut of the leaves and boughs of trees in the mountain at the spot from which springs the Holy Ganges River. He lived there eating roots and wild berries until he reached a ripe old age when he was called to join the hosts of Heaven.

When the old man had finished the story of the city of Benares he arose from his stool and putting forth his arms he blessed the pilgrims, saying:

“Forget not this story, for it may save your soul and give you joy and happiness on earth. Farewell.”

Then he entered his house.



The King of the Golden Geese

IN the Himalaya Mountains where the feet of men have never trod, and which is known all over India as the wonder region, dwelt a flock of 96,000 geese whose feathers were the color of gold. They lived in caves on a peak called Mount Cittakuta, which lay a little to the south of the Mountain of the Moon and which received from Heaven a most wonderful golden light.

The flock had for their king the largest and

handsomest of all the mountain geese. His feathers were the softest down, and to look at him was to see a wave from a lake of molten gold. The king dwelt in a wonderful golden cave lined with precious stones which the geese had carried home from the Mountain of Jewels to beautify the cave of their king whom they loved and obeyed as a good father.

It is one of the duties of a king, as every one knows, to protect his subjects from enemies. Now it would be impossible for one goose to look after the welfare and comfort of 96,000 geese, so the king appointed Sumukha, one of the best and strongest, to act as captain and help rule the Kingdom of the Golden Geese. The geese loved Captain Sumukha almost as they did their king, for he had led them through many perilous pilgrimages and had brought them home in safety without the loss of even one golden feather. One of the reasons for the geese obeying their captain was that they trusted him.

There was not very much work for geese to do upon the mountains. In the winter they

made their homes in the warm caves and in the summer they built their nests in the sand by the streams, or in the low boughs of the trees. All day long they went about quacking to each other in goose language and looking for good things to eat. The higher up we go into mountains, the less we find growing to eat, so the geese, when they wanted a feast, had to go down into the fertile valley where spread broad fields and lakes that were fed by the springs that flowed down the sides of the mountain.

Now, these golden geese, just like any other kind of geese, were very fat and loved good things to eat. Every day, led by Sumukha, they would fly down the mountain hoping to find some good and new feeding-place. One beautiful warm day some of the venturesome spirits of the flock flew far down into the valley and discovered the Lotus Lake Manusiya, the wonder-lake of the stories told by their grandfathers in the caves during the long winter evenings. All that summer's day the geese browsed on the lake, enjoying the beauty and eating their fill of all the good things. As they

saw no animals that were enemies or men either, they thought it would be a fine place for all the geese to feed.

When they saw the shadows on the mountains begin to lengthen, they said to each other, "It is time for us to return to our home and go to bed so that we may be up early in the morning and tell the other geese of the flock of our discovery."

They reached home in safety and slept the night through, as all good geese do sleep. In the morning when they had assembled for meeting, the venturesome ones told the others of their trip to the Lotus Lake down in the valley. There was a great quacking and cackling among the geese. "Some fair day," said they, "you must take us to the Lotus Lake that we too may eat of the good things that we are told about in the stories of our grandparents."

"We will take you," replied the venturesome ones, "but first we must ask our king. It would not be well for the whole flock to go to so dangerous a place, for you know our

grandfathers told us the valley was filled with our enemies who capture us and use us as food or tame us and put us in their lakes to lure other wild geese. That we returned to our mountain home in safety was perhaps just our good fortune. We know not what evil lies in store for us in the valley. To-morrow, good friends, we will ask our king."

At the first peep of the sun from the back of the mountain peak, the geese were up breakfasting, picking here a berry and there a worm but thinking all the time of the feast of good things on the Lotus Lake in the valley. When the sun was showing his full face, the flock of 96,000 golden geese, quacking and making other noises that geese understand, were on their way to the Golden Cave to ask their king for permission to visit the Lotus Lake in the Valley of Plenty.

Captain Sumukha was sitting outside of the Golden Cave when he heard the noise of the coming geese which told him that all the geese in the kingdom had come to consult the king, the wise one, on some important question.

“What can we do for you?” he said to the leader, one of the adventurous geese.

“We have come to petition our sire,” he replied, saluting his captain after the manner of the golden geese.

“I will tell the king of your presence,” said Sumukha, returning the salute. “In the meantime, seat yourselves on the grass that you may be happy and comfortable.”

In a few minutes he came out with the king. The whole flock of 96,000 golden geese arose and saluted the wise one, the king. With his foot he motioned them to be seated but he stood up awaiting their leader to speak.

As the king stood before his subjects, he had never looked so beautiful to them. His feathers of the purest gold glistened in the sun and shed a most wonderful light over the 96,000 geese sitting in the front of him.

“What have you to say to me, my geese?” he said in a honeyed voice. “I am ready to hear and to grant what you wish if it be within my power and for your own good.”

“Sire,” said the leader of the venturesome

ones, “ two days ago before the face of the sun had come from under the peak of the mountain, saying naught to the other geese, I went with a few of my friends on a voyage of discovery. When we were too small to leave our nests, our grandfathers told us of a wonderful Lotus Lake in the Valley of Men, which was filled with all the good things in the world that a goose loves to eat. It was this wonder-lake that we sought, little thinking that we would find it. Down the mountain we went, making as little noise as we could for fear we should meet some enemies, when suddenly at our feet lay a lake, twelve leagues around, covered with five varieties of lotus flowers. We saw many birds there strangers in form and language and other birds that seemed to have come from our own noble family but they were very different, sire. Their feathers were not gold and they were afraid of naught. While they had our face and form, they seemed very stupid as they swam around the lake. We tried to speak to them after the manner of geese but they had little to say in our language except to tell us

that the lake was a good feeding-place and bid us come back some day. No human being did we see and the birds all seemed most friendly to us, and as you see we returned to our home in the Golden Mountain without a feather harmed. Kind sire, the geese of your kingdom have come to ask that on to-morrow, if the day be fair, they may be led by you and our Captain Sumukha down to the Lotus Lake in the Valley of Plenty, that they may feast on the good things of the world and become fat and strong."

When he had finished speaking the leader saluted as did all the other geese and awaited the answer of the king.

"My kinsfolk," said the king, speaking in goose language slowly and clearly that every one of the 96,000 might hear, "while I was in the nest I, too, was told of this wonderful Lotus Lake twelve leagues long by twelve leagues wide, but I was warned by my good father the king, who was in his generation wiser than I, not to go near the lake. Said he, 'The haunts of men are not the haunts of wild

geese. Men are our natural enemies and like us not except for food. Never go to the Lotus Lake if you wish to return to your mountain home.' The goose that spoke to you so kindly was a decoy put there by cruel men to lead you to the snares."

The king stopped speaking and looked sadly at his subjects to see how they had accepted his words. He read their minds at a glance and saw that he had not persuaded them from their desire to feast on the good things in the lake. They were thinking: "Why should this king, this brave and wise king, fear for his life? Had not some of the golden geese been there and returned in safety? Could it be that their king was a coward?" Then they all began to talk to each other in a very discontented way, and the leader again approached the king, saying, "Sire, the golden geese do not ask that their precious king lead them on this perilous journey, as his precious life may be in danger and the wild geese of Mount Cittakuta would fare ill without their good king. Let your good Captain Sumukha take us to the Lotus

Lake in the Valley of Men so that all the geese may feed upon the richness of the land."

"No," said the king, who knew what was in the hearts of the greedy geese, "if it be your pleasure to go, I will lead you after the manner of kings by the road which was made known to me by my father before he passed into the company of angels. Sumukha shall follow the flock that none be lost on the journey. Tomorrow, at one hour before the sun shows his face above the mountain, meet here in front of the Golden Cave." He then waved his foot in friendly parting and entered the cave to offer up prayers for protection to the good god Sakka who watched over the geese.

Many of these greedy geese did not sleep a wink that night, they were so afraid they might oversleep and be left behind the next morning while their brothers and sisters went down into the valley to eat the good things of the lake.

At the peep of day every one of the flock of 96,000 golden geese stood in front of the Golden Cave as they had been commanded

and awaited the king and Sumukha. Not a goose was late, and just as the sun was showing his big red face from back of the mountain, they started off, led by their king, down, far down the mountain to the Lotus Lake in the Valley of Men.

A flock of 96,000 geese with feathers of gold all flickering in the sunlight shed a very wonderful light over the earth, which could be seen hundreds of miles away. Now, it happened, that not far from the Lotus Lake was a little village of fowlers, men who made their living by catching unwary birds in snares and selling them in the neighboring city of Sakula. This city had for its king a good and kindly man who had been called Sakula after the city.

While the geese were making their way down the mountain, quacking to each other and having a good time, except one man, all the fowlers in the village were asleep so they did not see the light made by the geese. But this one man wanted to set his snares in a good place, so he went out early before the others were awake that he might have the pick of the

lake. As he was tramping along the road, suddenly, in a magical way the whole world seemed to be turned into a field of gold. He looked all about him and then up to the mountain to see whence the light came.

“Ah,” said he to himself, “this must be the flock of golden geese that cannot be tamed and that live with their king high up on the mount of Cittakuta which knows not the feet of men. Often when I was a little fellow, I heard my grandfather tell the story of the visit of the golden geese to the Lotus Lake. How the men of the village who were not fowlers then went to watch the wonderful birds feast on the good things that grew in the Lotus Lake and how they did not harm even a feather of the whole flock. I wish it could be so now, but I am a poor man who must earn his living by snares. Would that I had a hundred traps that I might catch a hundred birds that I could sell for a large price to the king and the nobles in the city. I would then be a rich man and could give up my horrid trade of snaring birds and would live at my ease in the city.”

The fowler was at heart a very kind man who disliked his trade of trapping birds and then selling them, but as he knew no other way of earning a livelihood, he stuck to his work.

With the golden glow of the coming geese all about him, the fowler hurried to set his trap so that he might take a prize. Knowing well every spot of the lake, he put a snare where the feeding was the best and where he thought the geese most likely to alight from their flight down the mountain. This done he hurried back to the village that he might eat his breakfast and by his bright talk amuse the other fowlers so that they would forget their snares and he would be the only one to catch a golden goose, thereby making it bring a very high price.

Now it just happened that the geese landed at the very spot the fowler had set his trap. The king, in the lead, landed first on the bank of the Lotus Lake while the 96,000 geese alighted in front and after saluting awaited orders.

The king, with his plumage glittering in the



HINDU WRITERS OF BOOKS.

sunlight, looked about him. When he was sure that every one of his subjects was there he said, "My kinsfolk, we have made our journey down the mountain in safety, but remember that we are now in the haunts of men who love to eat the flesh of geese. Remember that danger encompasses you, and be mindful. Take your pleasures, eat your fill of the good things of the valley, but return here before the shadows on the mountainside begin to lengthen, that we may be in our mountain home when the sun goes to sleep. Away, away, my friends, you will find the day short in this beautiful spot. But again I caution you to take great care that no evil befalls you, even the least of my beloved subjects."

Making a great noise with their wings and quacking gaily to each other, they flew off to feed, leaving their king standing alone on the bank of the lake, little thinking that harm could come to a goose so wise and good.

When the king saw the last of his friends followed by his Captain Sumukha fly away he said to himself, "I will sit here on the bank of

this beautiful lake and while my friends are enjoying themselves I will meditate. If one should happen to be in danger I will hear his cry and go to the rescue.”

So saying he raised his right foot to go farther down the bank that he might see better the whole lake. But when he tried to raise his foot he found it was caught tight to the earth in a snare. The harder he tried to free himself, the tighter the noose became, holding his foot as though it were in a vise of iron. First the skin was broken, then the flesh was torn and deeper cut the snare, through the tendon straight to the bone, while the blood was changing to red the beautiful feathers of gold.

The king, trying to bear the pain, lay down beside the poor bleeding foot in the snare. “If I utter the cry of capture,” he thought, “all the geese will know that harm has come to one of the flock. This may alarm them and they will fly towards home. After their long flight this morning, if the geese fly away without feeding perhaps some weaker than the others

may fall into the lake and be lost. I will remain very quiet until they gather for their flight home, when they shall see my fate." And so the geese, unmindful of their king, went on with their pleasure, eating and quacking to each other. When they had eaten their fill of each variety of lotus that grew on the lake they played together after the manner of geese, when suddenly they heard the loud cry of a captured bird. With the fear of death in their hearts they thought of the last words of warning the king had said to them, little thinking that the cry had come from him who could no longer stand his pain in silence. Like all cowardly people and animals they thought only of themselves. Without seeking to help the captured bird they all flew off in the direction of Mount Cittakuta.

But the captain of the golden geese was not like the others of the flock. I suppose that was the reason why he was made captain. He did not know what fear was. When he heard the cry of capture he knew a goose was in danger. He looked quickly over the flock and

every one of the 96,000 geese was there. The king, the good and wise king, alone was missing, and he thought, "Can this cry mean that something terrible has happened to my master? I must find out."

He let the flock seek their mountain home alone, while flying at full speed he returned to the bank of the lake where he had left his beloved king. O sorrow upon sorrow, there he saw the noble king of the golden geese in great pain, stained with blood, lying on the muddy grass with his foot caught in a snare.

Sumukha alighted beside the king and tried to comfort him, saying, "Fear not, sire, I will release you from this snare though it may cost my life."

To test his friendship and his words the king answered,

"All other birds heedless of me have fled in haste away.

What friendship can a captive know, be off, make no delay."

To which Sumukha replied,

“ Whether I go or stay with thee, I still some day must die,

I have courted thee in weal, in woe from thee I must not fly.

It is not right to leave thee, sire, in such a sorry state,
Nay I am well content to share whate’er may be thy fate.

If mindful of the Right, one ne’er forsakes a suffering friend,

Not e’en to save one’s life, such act as Right the wise commend.”

When the king found he could not persuade his captain to return to his mountain home, they talked quietly in the language of geese, and awaited the coming of the fowler who had set the cruel snare. Soon they heard a faint rustling of leaves and their enemy stood before them.

Now the fowler, who had gone to his home in the village, had eaten his breakfast and then told the other fowlers of a wonderful fair that was being held in the city, hoping that they would go there instead of to the Lotus Lake. He had returned by a secret path through the forest to watch his snare. From the bush

under which he was hiding he, too, had heard the cry of capture and understood its meaning. As you know fowlers spend a long time in the forests and after a while they get to know the habits and languages of birds and animals. His heart leaped with joy for he knew then that he had caught a golden goose. He saw here and there the geese rise in terror and vanish into space, and then all became quiet along the lake, very quiet like midnight. Slowly the man crept from the brush, quietly he crept up to the snare. Did he see two birds? That could not be. Trembling he thought, "Are they caught or not?"

When he reached the snare he stood erect and looked down. He saw the two most beautiful geese in the wide world, large and fat, with feathers that shone as burnished gold. One had his foot caught in the snare but the other was free. What could that mean? Never in his long experience as a fowler had he seen anything so strange. When he recovered from his surprise he spoke to the geese in their own language.

“Granted that one caught in a snare may never fly away,
Why, mighty bird, dost thou, still free, resolve to
with him stay.
What is this fowl to thee, that when the rest have
fled and gone,
Tho’ free, beside the captive bird thou sittest here
alone?”

Sumukha looked sadly at the fowler, and said:

“Oh, foe of birds, the bird you see caught in your snare is my king and dearer to me than my life. I will never forsake him until death takes me away.”

It seemed very strange to a fowler that a king should be caught in a snare. He knew that among birds, as among all animals, the king is selected for his strength and wisdom in leading the others. A mighty chief should know all signs of danger. How could so wise a bird as a king, he asked Sumukha, not know danger when he came to a snare.

Wicked people, Sumukha told him, often set snares for the wise and holy. Sometimes they are set in vain, but often even the best of

animals, just like people, are not guarding themselves against danger but are thinking of others, and lo, they fall into the snare. This had been the fate of his king. Sumukha saw that the fowler, in spite of his cruel trade, was at heart a kind man, so he made a plea for the life of the king and his own and the fowler was charmed with the sweet words. "Thou art no prisoner of mine," he said, knowing well that he was losing all the money so rare a bird would have brought from a rich man in the city. "Begone; I would not shed thy blood. Live on for many a day. Begone, I say, away to yon mountain home far from the haunts of men. The golden geese of your flock will now crown *you* king."

Sumukha did not move a wing. "No, no," he said, "I have no wish to live if my king be dead. I will stay with him until death calls both of us. As you were willing to let me go, let him go free and eat my flesh instead. We are alike in age, in length and breadth of limb; his feathers are but little richer in gold than mine. It would be small loss for you to ex-

change my king for me. Our flesh would taste the same; all wild geese are alike, no matter what may be their estate. Let the king go free. If you grant this, my heart's desire, a great peace shall endure between all geese and thee as long as life endures."

As Sumukha was begging for the life of his king, great changes were going on in the heart of the fowler. All the cruel thoughts flew away and in their place came kind ones and his face was good to look upon. Turning to the captain he said:

"All sages, friends, servants, kith and kin,
Be witness that the king of the golden geese
Doth owe his liberty to his friend Sumukha.
To few 'tis given to own a friend like this, oh, king,
Hence I release you that you may shine afar.
Quick away, else I may change my mind and keep
you."

So saying the fowler cut the bonds that held the king. When he saw how badly the poor goose was injured, the kind-hearted and penitent man carried the king far up the bank and laid him on a mossy spot. Then the

fowler got some water in a big leaf and washed the wounded foot, while Sumukha, after the manner of geese, cleaned the blood from the golden feathers. The love and charity of the fowler and Sumukha caused the wound of the king to heal. First the broken tendon mended, then the broken flesh grew together and last a new skin grew over the wound and the king of the golden geese stood up as well and strong as he was when he left his home in the Golden Cave high up on the mountain of Cittakuta.

The three were very happy and talked together in goose language. The king who had been trapped was free, the wicked fowler had been made kind and gentle, so there was great rejoicing. Each sang the praises of the other while the shadows over the lake were growing longer and darker and the peace of falling night was spreading over the valley.

Sumukha, who saw the shadows and knew that night was approaching, said, "Sire, this man has done us a great service. He hearkened to our words and let us go free when he might have acquired great wealth by taming us

and selling us to the king or nobles of the city. These men might have feasted upon us, perhaps, or have thought us worthy of a place on the lake in the city gardens and we would have become *tame*. Regardless of his own livelihood, the fowler has set us free. Let us conduct him to his king that we may tell to his sire the story of his good deed and have him made happy and wealthy for life."

The king bowed his beautiful neck of gold. Sumukha then turned to the fowler and speaking to him in the language of men which he had learned when he was on earth in another life, said, "Friend, why did you set your snares to catch unwary birds?"

"For gain, captain of the golden geese. Early in my youth I was taught by my father to trap. I know no other trade, but since thou hast shown me how wrong it is to take life I will not again set snare for man or beast. I will go to the city where I may learn a new trade by which I may provide a living for my wife and children."

"Take us to the city with you, friend fowler.

Present us to your king and with honeyed words we will persuade him to bestow upon you the riches that were lost to you when you set us free."

The fowler sadly shook his head. "No, no, a king is fickle-minded. He would either make you captive and keep you for the amusement of his court or he would put you to death and after you had been roasted over a great fire you would be feasted upon by the courtiers who love to eat the flesh of a fat goose."

"Fear not, my friend," replied Sumukha. "Kings, like all men, are sometimes full of wisdom and goodness. Did not my words soften the heart of a fierce fowler like yourself, a man whose hands were stained red with the blood of innocent animals? Think you that a king would not know the difference between good and evil? Make haste, bring your carrying-pole, that you may take us quickly, ere the fall of night, into the presence of your king."

"Well, if it be your pleasure, I will take you to the court, but be not angry with me." So saying he brought a pole which fowlers put

across their shoulders that they may carry easily the birds and animals caught in their snares. The geese quickly mounted the pole and away they went to the city.

Up the hill, down the dale and soon they stood at the throne of the king. Kneeling, the fowler laid the pole at the feet of his sire, saying:

“Two ruddy geese to thee we bring.

One is the captain of their host, the other is their king.”

Now Sakula, for that was the king's name, you know, was very much surprised to see the fowler bring him two such splendid geese *alive*. “Why, fowler, how didst such *mighty* birds become your prey?”

“Oh, lord of men,” the fowler answered, bowing low, “in every haunt of bird we set a deadly net. It was in a hidden trap like this that the king of birds was caught. The captain who was free I found by his side. This noble bird sought his king's release. Content to give his life in place, with words of honey,

he pleaded with me until my heart became as soothing oil. Right gladly did I set free the captive king and bade them both away to their mountain home. They would not, but insisted that I take them to the royal city, standing unbound at either end of my carrying-pole. It was at their bidding, sire, that I bring as an offering to thee a prize whose equal could scarce be found amidst the haunts of fowlers."

The king was greatly moved by the story of Sumukha's sacrifice. Scarce had he seen its equal even among men. All the greed and unkind feelings towards every one melted and ran from his heart, leaving only good thoughts. He commanded his servants to bring him a costly throne and chair of gold. To the goose king he gave the throne and to Sumukha the precious chair. After they had taken their seats he had them served with parched corn, honey, molasses, and many other good things that geese like to eat, and all was served on vessels of gold as befitted their rank.

When the geese were through feasting, King Sakula turned to the king of the golden geese,

saying, "Sire, the fowler here tells me that words of wisdom flow from your golden mouth. Preach to us that we, too, may grow in goodness and virtue."

The goose king from his golden throne talked in the language of men, which he had learned in another life on earth, to the king and his court. He asked Sakula if he enjoyed good health, and if he had wise men to help him rule his country? Did he have a wife, good and kind, and was he blest with children? The king answered yes to all his questions, whereupon the goose king told him that there seemed little that he could give him.

It was the king's turn now to ask questions. He wanted to know how the fowler had treated the geese when he found the king in the trap and the captain free sitting beside his master. He knew full well that most fowlers were cruel to the birds caught in their traps and often beat the poor things to death with sticks, so he wanted to know if they had been treated cruelly.

"Oh, no," the king of the golden geese re-

plied, "the fowler was amazed to see a free bird sitting beside a captive. He did not treat us as foes. After talking with my captain he released me from the snare. He washed and healed my wounds and bade us fly away to our mountain home. At the desire of my good Sumukha, we have come to you, his king, that we might make known to you his great worthiness, feeling assured that you would bestow earthly riches upon the good and noble man."

When the poor fowler saw greatness and costly gifts bestowed upon the wild geese whose lives had been spared by his mercy, while nothing was bestowed on himself, he felt quite forgotten and took his place silently and humbly among the servants of the court.

Now the king was much pleased with the actions of the fowler. He sought to find him among the courtiers but he was not there. Then he fixed his gaze on a certain councillor who, saluting, said to him, "Sire, what is your pleasure?"

"Bring to me the fowler, but first have his hair and beard trimmed. Then see that he is

washed and anointed with oil. Give to him robes of great sumptuousness that he may stand before me arrayed as one of the court."

The trusted councillor hastened away to fulfil the king's orders. When he returned with the fowler the cleansing and garments had so changed the man that one scarcely knew him.

The poor fowler was so bewildered by the wonderful things that had happened to him that he could not speak to the king. He knelt before him until his forehead touched the ground.

"Arise, my friend," said the king; "these wonderful golden geese from the mountain of Cittakuta, which no man knows, have told me of your deeds. Good actions great rewards should have, so I bestow upon you a village of my kingdom which will yield to you at the end of each year one hundred thousand pieces of money. You shall have a house which faces two streets, a splendid chariot, and a chest of yellow gold. Use these blessings for the good of all men." He then motioned to the councillor to take the fowler to his new possessions.

Now in this country it was a custom for the king to give a white umbrella to any one he wished to show great respect, and also to bestow upon that person his most precious possession. Opening a most wonderful umbrella of white silk embroidered in gold thread Sakula said, "Oh, king of the golden geese, accept this gift with my throne. May you and your brave captain dwell with me."

With much nodding of his neck the goose king gracefully accepted the umbrella, and then closing it returned it to him, saying, "Nay, friend king, we shall have no need of your umbrella for we shall not tarry long in the haunts of men. We shall ere long leave you to return to our home in the Golden Cave high up on Mount Cittakuta which knows not the footsteps of men. There my subjects, 96,000 geese with feathers of gold, await our coming. Nevermore shall they nor we come down into the Valley of the Lotus Lake. The haunts of men are not for birds that know naught but the freedom of the mountains and can give naught to them but pain and sorrow.

In our home we have no use for riches or gold. Nature gives us all we need, food to eat, water to drink, bushes and caves to sleep in. There we live in peace and harmony just as our fore-parents did. May you rule your kingdom wisely and justly. May no sorrow befall you, and know you that a state of peace shall exist forever between your kingdom and the wild geese with golden feathers of Mount Cittakuta. Farewell."

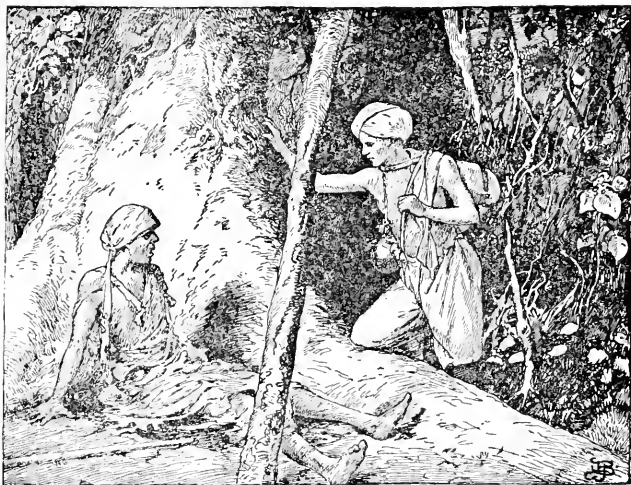
When he had finished speaking he hopped down from the throne and motioned to Sumukha to follow him and then with all the speed of wing that is given to geese, they flew to their mountain home. Just as the sun was sinking below the side of the mountain and the sky was like a sea of molten gold all billowed, the geese set their feet on the ground before the Golden Cave.

There was great rejoicing in the flock of 96,000 ruddy geese, for they had feared that they would never again see their beloved king and brave captain. They were deeply repentant for their cowardly action in leaving

their captured king in the valley. The next day they made a great feast in honor of the king and proclaimed with much quacking and noise that never again would they venture away from their mountain home to seek the Lotus Lake in the Valley of Men.

Their greediness had nearly cost them the life of their precious king, and forever after they promised themselves that they would stay in their own country.

That is the reason why no one who is living to-day has ever seen a golden goose from the mountain of Cittakuta.



The Quest for a Magic Name

IF you should visit the very old city of Benares, you would find in one of the little villages that lie in dreamless sleep on the surrounding hills the ruins of an old school. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago this was the greatest school in India. Only the smartest and most studious boys of the highest caste were admitted to it, for Buddha, the greatest of all teachers, was head master.

Among the five hundred students who attended the school was a young fellow from the village whose name was Base. He was a good-looking boy, tall and slim with a strong body and a skin that was like burnished bronze. He was a good athlete, excelling in all the games and sports of the school, yet the boys did not like him. You see, Base had an unhappy disposition. While he was clever, he did not like his life at the school, and constantly complained about everybody and everything. He said the teachers were not fair to him and that he disliked every one of them. He was so disagreeable to them that the teachers grew to dislike him, too, although they considered him a very fine boy at first. Then Base was so cross and overbearing to the servants that they grew to hate him and never waited upon him willingly. After a time, life at the school became unbearable, and Base wondered why it was that people disliked him. "I am a pretty fair-looking fellow," he thought, "and no one can beat me in sports. These people do not like me and bear me some grudge."

Now Base was just like many people we all know who think other people do not like them, and blame the dislike on every one else but themselves. These unfortunates do not seem to realize that they are often selfish, disagreeable, unloving, and hard to please, besides never seeing any good in their fellows, so of course other people do not love them or make their lives happy. This was Base's trouble. He laid his unpopularity to everything else but himself. After much thought on the matter he came to the conclusion it was his name. "It is 'Go away, Base,' or 'Come here, Base,' 'Base this,' and 'Base that,' until I grow sick of hearing my name. If I have it changed to another I shall lose with the old name all the bad luck and bad opinions of other people, for who could possibly like a person whose name stands for wickedness like 'Base'?"

So one day when the sun was shining brightly, and the air so clear that you could see the distant mountain peaks, Base saw the head master sitting in his favorite seat under the sacred bo-tree. The beauty of the day and

the sweet smell of the spring flowers made Base feel more than ever unhappy because somehow he knew he did not fit in with the day. "Ah," thought Base, "there is the head master. I will go straightway and ask him to change my name."

The master beckoned to the boy as he saw him coming across the field, and said, "Come to me, my son. I see that you have something on your mind that worries you. Open your heart that I may advise and help you."

Now of all the five hundred boys in that school, there was not a single one who did not love the head master; even Base, who disliked every one else, loved him like a devoted son. When the unhappy boy saw his master beckon, he ran up to the tree, and after a respectful salute, crossed his legs and sat down at the feet of his master, waiting for him to speak first.

After looking at the boy long and earnestly, the master said, "Base, you look unhappy. Are the teachers harsh or impatient with you, or do you not get on well with the boys? Speak out from your heart, son, for it is best for the

body that all thoughts locked in should come out into the open light of day. Speak, my son, that as a good doctor I may help your mind, for I observe that you have a strong and healthy body, which is well."

Thus encouraged to speak, Base opened his heart to his beloved master. Of course he did not tell him the *real* cause of his unhappiness because he did not know himself.

"Dear master," he said, "I do not like my name; it has a bad ring to it. I have grown tired of hearing all day long 'Come here, Base,' or 'Go there, Base,' and 'Base this' and 'Base that.' Base is a name of ill omen, Master, and I have come to beg you to change it to another that will give me the love and respect of everybody."

The head master knew very well what was the matter with Base, but he also knew that people can learn lessons for themselves better than they can from preaching, so he said to him, "My dear son, it worries me very much to see such a fine boy as you are so unhappy. We must have this changed. I want to please

you, but it would not be right for me to give you a new name of my own choosing. I fear that you might soon tire of it, and blame upon it certain misfortunes that might come to you, just as you have done with your present name of Base which was bestowed upon you at birth by a kind and loving father. You must find a name for yourself. Go, my son, travel through the land, even through the far-away country, and stay until you have found a name you fancy. When you have found such a treasure, a magic name that will bring to you love, happiness, and good fortune, return to me, and your name shall be changed to it. Farewell, my son."

Base, who was tremendously pleased with the words of the master, arose from his feet, and after respectfully saluting set out immediately to do as he was bidden. "As long as I can select a name for myself, and can travel all over the world to find one, I will ask my father, who is rich, to give me plenty of gold, for I may not return for a long time. The whole world stretches before me, and I shall select

for myself the best name in it. I will choose a name that will give me the love of everybody, great riches, and all other good things, together with a long life in which to enjoy them. Yes," went on Base, talking to himself, "as I have this chance, I am going to make the best of it. I will search until I have found a person who has all that I desire to have, even though I go to the far-away country. Then I shall take his name, come back home and ask the head master to change my name to the magic name of good-fortune."

Base, who was always complaining about the school, his fellows, and relatives, really had a very good and kind father whose one great wish in life was to see his son happy. When the boy asked his permission to go on the journey, he readily gave his consent, for Base's father, like the head master of the school, knew that each one of us must learn his own lesson. He placed in his son's hands a bag of precious gold, saying, "My son, take this gold, for you may need it even to the last grain. Your journey may be long and carry you into far-away

countries. Seek carefully for your heart's desire. You are young, and such a chance may never come your way again. Look well into the name of every stranger you meet to see if his name fits well his life. Weigh well in your mind all that you hear, and when you see a man whom the world honors, tell him of your quest and ask him if his name and his name alone brought him honor, success, love, and riches. Farewell, my son; may God speed you on your journey and bring you safely home with your heart's desire."

Now that he had gained the permission of both the head master and his father, Base allowed no time to slip by before he started on his quest. On the very next morning as soon as the sun was up, the boy fastened the bag of gold to a belt around his waist, and after carefully folding his loin-cloth over it that thieves might not readily see it, he started off in quest of a new name. Base had never been so happy in his whole life as he was that morning. The sky, clear and blue, reflected its color on the lakes and rivers. As the boy's heart was light,



FEEDING THE SACRED MONKEYS AT BENARES.

his feet tripped over the earth as though they had wings. Great Mother Nature had bestowed upon one of her beloved children of earth the most beautiful day she possessed. Of course Base did not feel grateful to her for it, for he did not feel grateful to any one for all the good things he had. Somehow his eyes were blind to his blessings.

As the distance lengthened between his home and himself, Base grew happier and happier, for he never heard the name he hated. The strangers he met on the road passed the time of day and went their way. Base never inquired their names, for most of them were hermits or poor fellows traveling from town to town to sell their wares.

Days lengthened into weeks, yet as he traveled from village to village, Base did not become homesick. There was plenty to see on the road, there were new people to meet at the inns where he ate and spent the nights, all of which kept his mind so busy that he had little time to think of home. As he tramped all day, when the night came he went to bed

and slept well, so even then he did not get homesick as most people do.

He heard many new names, some strange and wonderful, but when he asked about the people who bore them, he found them to be just common people like every one else. They had neither honor nor riches, and no one seemed to care very much about them, so of course Base did not want their names.

One day as he entered a town, he saw a stately procession marching to the funeral pyre. "Ah," thought Base, "here is some great man who has passed out of this life. I will ask his name. If I like the way it sounds and find that the man had honor and riches in this life, I will take the name to the head master and ask that my name be changed to it."

"Hey, fellow," Base called out to a man at the end of the procession, "what was the name of the man who died?"

"His name was Quick," was the reply.

"'Quick, Quick,'" repeated Base surprised.

"Why, how could Quick be dead?"

"Why certainly Quick and Dead can both

die. A man's name only serves to mark who is who. You seem a fool," the stranger replied, hurrying off to catch up with the funeral procession.

"Well," thought Base as he turned away to go on to a new village, "it is strange that a man named Quick could be dead. If his name had anything to do with his life, he would have lived on forever. That is certainly not the name for me. I must waste no more time here, otherwise I shall spend all my life searching for a good name and when I find one I shall be too old to enjoy it."

So Base tramped on through fields of yellow grain, and trees weighted low with ripening figs, to the next village. Neither his heart nor his feet were quite so light as they were when he started out, yet he was sure that he would find the name farther on.

Just as he was about to enter the main street of the village, he heard screams of pain coming from a low hut. Upon looking to see what was the matter, he saw a man beating a poor slave girl. "What a horrible name that poor

girl must have to make her be beaten like that!" Base thought. "Such names I must use care not to take, or I might bring upon myself worse luck than I have now."

"Hey, fellow," he said to a man standing near, "what is the name of the poor girl the man is beating so dreadfully?"

"Her name, poor girl, is Rich," replied the man.

"'Rich, Rich,'" repeated Base, much surprised. "How could a poor slave girl be named Rich?"

"Of course Rich and Poor can both be slaves and be beaten. A name only serves to mark who is who. You seem to be a fool," answered the man as he turned his back to Base.

"This is strange again," thought the boy. "Here is a poor beaten slave girl whose name is Rich when it should be Poor. Perhaps it is just in these two villages that names do not fit the people to whom they belong. Their fathers may have made the same mistake my father made when he gave me my name. I

will look no farther in these parts. I will travel on quickly to a new and far-away country, otherwise I shall spend my whole life in looking for a name. And then some morning I shall awake to find myself an old man with a white beard to my waist, and if I find the name I am searching for, I shall have no time left to enjoy it. Besides, I do not like to be called a fool. I will rest at the inn to-night, and at sunrise to-morrow I will be off to the far-away country, for surely in this big world there must be some good and honored man who has a name that fits his deeds."

Instead of sleeping as a tired boy should, all that night Base lay awake thinking of names. He arose with the sun and after a breakfast of rice and honey, he started off once more to search for a new name. By this time Base had traveled many leagues from home. He had met many people; some had been very rich, some very poor, and some neither rich nor poor. He had seen, too, that their names had nothing at all to do with their conditions in life. Some names had been pretty, some ugly,

some easy to say, some hard. Down in his heart of hearts the boy was beginning to doubt whether a mere name had much to do towards bringing its owner success in life, but he had started out to find a new name and he was ashamed to go home and own to a failure. Now Base was really getting tired of what seemed to be an endless journey. The people he met passed him by in silence unless he spoke to them. He was longing to see his father, and the head master. Even his teachers who he had thought had been unfair to him he began to think might be good fellows after all. The more he thought of the boys of the school, his playfellows, the better they seemed to him. Perhaps they did not mean to be unkind when they called "Come, Base," or "Go, Base." After all, was it not all a part of the game? Still Base did not feel like giving up his quest, so he kept on, but his feet were growing heavier with every step.

The distance to the new and far-away country seemed very long to Base. He was now weary of meeting strange people who looked

at him as though he were half-witted when he asked them questions, and who turned from him, little caring whether he came or went. They did not know him and so had no interest in him.

Base felt very lonely as he trudged along with no one to talk to. "Oh," he thought, "how pleasant it would be to hear the boys call, 'Ho, Base, pick up the ball,' or 'Quick, quick, Base, get the goal,' " and somehow his name seemed all right. "After all," he went on thinking, as he had no one to talk to, "they would have called just the same no matter what the name was. The boys were not unkind, but just rough, as boys sometimes are to each other."

The more Base thought of all the people at home, his parents, the teachers, and boys of the school, the villagers who had known him since he was born, the better he grew to like them. He now remembered their many good and kind deeds which before he had overlooked. Of course he did a great amount of thinking about his own name, and the more he thought

about it, the more he became convinced that Base was as good as any name he had heard on his travels. Still he was not yet willing to give up the quest and go home. He wanted to be *sure* that he could not find a name that would on its own merit, just like magic, bring its owner all the good things of life without the owner doing one earthly thing to get it. You see, Base was really searching for a magic name, but he did not know that there were only a few in the world, and those few he had not met in his search.

As the boy was passing through a thick wood, which was near the end of his journey to the far-away country, he saw a poor fellow with dirty and torn clothes sitting under a big tree crying and wringing his hands. Base, who was very lonely and glad to see another human being, called to him, "Hey, you fellow, what is the matter with you? Where do you come from, and where are you going, and what is your name?"

"Kind sir," the man replied, "I beseech of you to help me find my way out of these deep

woods. I have come from the far-away country, and am going to the distant city of Benares to see my brother. I lost my way in the forest, and wandered hither and thither until I was faint and weary and could go no farther. If you will show me the open road of the plains, I will pay you well. My name is Guide, and is known well the world over."

" 'Guide, Guide,' " repeated Base. " Surely I know your name, but a Guide is the one who shows the way to others. How could a man whose name is 'Guide' lose his way? That is strange, very strange."

" Why, certainly, Guide can be lost. A name only serves to mark who is who. You seem to be a fool," replied the poor lost fellow, beginning to cry again, for he felt that he could get no help from a boy who was silly enough to think that you could judge a man by the name he bore.

" If a man named 'Quick' can die, 'Rich' be a poor slave girl, and 'Guide' lose his way," thought Base, " a name can have nothing at all

to do with a person's life. I might just as well not go to the far-away country from which this man came whose name is Guide, for my search for a better name than Base would be as fruitless there as it has been in the countries through which I have traveled. I have gone through many countries, and everywhere I have found the same thing: A name serves only to mark who is who, and cannot make or spoil one's life. I will search no farther, but will go straight home and keep the name my father gave me when I was born, for all names have but one purpose. I have learned full and well that I might go on to the very ends of the earth, and travel until I am an old man with a white beard that would reach to my knees and yet I would not find a name that would bring me good luck on its own merit. What I have learned on my journey must be true the world over. I will waste no more time, but will go home and begin to *work* for the things I desire. A name alone cannot bring luck to its owner. I am quite sure that I have learned my lesson. I shall now turn my face homeward and among

my own people who know me by my name Base I shall try to make myself loved and honored."

"Well," said Guide, breaking into the thoughts of Base, "if you are through looking up into the tree with that silly look on your face, will you tell me whether or not you know the way out of these woods? I am faint with hunger, and weary after my long search for a path in these thick woods. My feet are bleeding from thorn pricks. If you do not know a way to the plains I may as well lie down here and die."

"Please forgive me. I was so surprised to hear that a man named 'Guide' could lose his way that I quite forgot myself. My name is Base, but do not judge me by my name, for I hope that I am quite a good fellow at heart. I was going to the far-away country to find something," answered Base, ashamed to tell another of his foolish quest. "Certainly I know the way to Benares. I pass through it on my way to the little village in which I dwell. I shall be glad to have you as my companion,

for it is lonely traveling by oneself. But before we start you must have some food and drink to give you strength. Rest yourself while I go in search of water."

So saying, Base left him to find a spring in the rocks that he might fill the bottle made of skin that he carried slung over his back. Water was soon found, and poor thirsty Guide drank his fill. Then Base took some bread from his knapsack and told him to eat. He also brought the hungry man roots and berries that grow in the forest and which his teacher had told him could be eaten in safety. After a while, Guide was quite strong again. Merry and happy the two set out, Base leading the way for Guide on the journey to Benares and home.

When they were out of the woods, made dark and gloomy by tall overshadowing trees, Guide saw familiar landmarks which seemed to point the way to the city of Benares, but he confessed to Base that even though he had traveled far and long, he often lost his way and had to ask strangers the right road. That made Base confess his secret to him. He told

Guide how he hated his name. How he had confided his dislike to the good head master of the school to which he went, and had asked to have it changed to one that would make him loved and honored. And how the head master had told him that he could go to other places far from home in search of a name that he wanted. He told how his good father had given him money and wished him Godspeed on his journey. And last of all Base told Guide of his long and fruitless quest for a better name in many lands. How Quick was dead, Rich poor and beaten, and Guide lost in the woods. How after he had met him lost in the woods he had come to the conclusion that it was no use in going to the far-away country in search for the magic name, because a person's name simply marked who was who, and had nothing to do with one's happiness or unhappiness, success or unsuccess in life, and that he was going home wiser and happier than when he had started out, for he had learned a good hard lesson.

“ I never thought very much of names my-

self," said Guide. "My good father gave me mine when I was born and I have kept it ever since. But when I come to think of it, you are right—it was funny for Guide to get lost. Of course names have nothing to do with our lives, otherwise, you being Base, when you found me lost in the forest, would have made off with my bag of gold and left me a prey to wild animals. Instead of that, you treated me as though your name were Good. Yes, a name simply marks who is who."

The light hearts of the two made their feet as light as the air on a clear May day, and soon the temple spires of the city of Benares shone like diamonds before them.

"I will bid you farewell here, friend Guide," said Base. "The city where your brother dwells now lies before you. You have now no further need of a guide. I shall take a shorter way around the city to my own village that I may quickly reach my own home, for it seems as though I had left it ages ago:"

"A thousand thanks to you, my good friend Base," the other answered. "If names fitted

their owners, your name would be ‘Guide’ and mine ‘Lost,’ ” he added laughingly.

After Base had left his companion, he hurried on home. When the villagers saw him coming so merrily towards them, they waved their kerchiefs, and called, “Base, Base, welcome home!” They wished to honor him because his father was loved and honored by all in his village. Great was their surprise when Base saluted each in turn, and added a hearty smile and words of cheer, for they had been used to seeing the boy with a scowl and a moody look on his handsome face.

The father, hearing his son’s name called, went out to greet him with open arms. Great, too, was his surprise when Base, after kissing him on both cheeks, said, “I have traveled, dear father, over many leagues, through many cities and towns, even up to the forest that surrounds the far-away country. I have talked to many strange people, and seen wonderful things, and heard many names. And I have come home to tell you that I am satisfied with the name you gave me at birth. A name, I

have learned, simply marks who is who, and has naught to do with the owner's success in life."

"Blessings be upon you, my son," replied the father. "Thou hast indeed learned a great lesson early in thy youth."

"I must away again to tell my beloved head master, dear father. He, too, will be much pleased with the good news."

After saluting his father again, Base hurried on to the school. When the boys saw him coming they cried, "Ho, Base, ho, Base, come have a game with us!"

Never had his name seemed so good to Base as when he heard it called by his fellows. "I will soon be with you," he called back to them as he ran on towards the sacred bo-tree, where every day as the night began to fall the head master went to meditate.

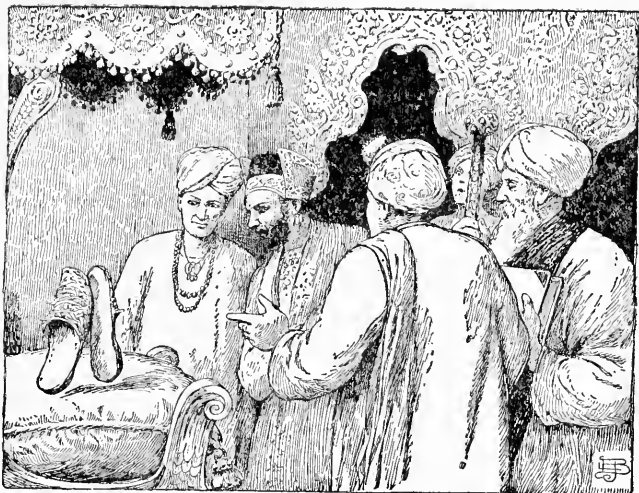
When the good man saw him coming, he stretched out his arms to him. "My son Base, come sit by my side. I long to hear of your travels and of the magic name you have chosen that I may bestow it upon you with ceremony."

After he had saluted the head master most

respectfully, Base seated himself at his feet, and told him the long story of his fruitless search for a name. How Quick was dead, Rich a poor beaten slave girl, and Guide lost in the forest. And that now that he was satisfied and well pleased with his own name, for his journey had taught that a name has nothing to do with its owner's condition in life.

“My son, thou hast learned thy lesson well,” said the head master. “Thou mightst have gone even through the far-away country and yet not have learned this wisdom. I could have told you this truth when first you came to tell me how you hated your name and wished me to give you another, a magic name, but in your heart you would not have believed me. It is best that we learn for ourselves these lessons in life, even though they be hard, and cost us weary hours, and long quests. My son, you are indeed blessed, for you have learned a lesson that many pass through this life and never know. Go now to your fellows. Give love, it will be returned to you. Give respect, it will come back to you fourfold. Give

charity, and greater blessings will be given to you. You did not find a new name, but you did find wisdom. You learned that ‘Name does not govern destiny.’ Farewell, my son.”



The Slippers of the King

THOUSANDS of years ago when the world was young, the city of Benares was ruled over by a certain good and wise king whose name was Dasaratha, and who had 16,000 wives. In those days, there were so many men killed in battle that it made more women than men in the world and each man was allowed by law to have as many wives as he could afford to keep. The king being the richest man in the

land was allowed the most; that is why Dasa-ratha had 16,000. But only the wife whom the king married first was called queen consort, and only her children could succeed to the throne.

The queen consort, who was dearly beloved by the good king, had three children, two sons and a daughter. The first son, who was heir to the throne, was called Rama-pandita, which means Rama the Wise. His parents had given him this name because the first words he spoke as a mere baby were words of wisdom and unlike those of other children. The second boy was called Prince Lakkhama, which means Prince Lucky. He was such a bright, cheery baby, always crowing and laughing and making every one who looked upon him happy, that the best name for him seemed to be Lucky. Then came early on a summer's morning, long before the sun in the sky was hot, the little princess who was called Sita, which means cool.

While these little children grew up surrounded by everything that makes life happy, the love of parents and subjects, and a beautiful garden to play in, yet they had to study

hard and had many duties to learn, for some day each one was to have an important place in ruling the kingdom. Little Rama-pandita, of course, had much more to learn than his brother and sister because he was to become king. He never complained about it nor made any other child feel that he was any better than the other. The tutors taught the children their lessons in the early morning. After that they played just like other children in the palace gardens, where there was a little lake to wade in or to sail their boats, and a big field to play ball, and a hill covered with soft grass where they had such fun rolling down. There were many large trees with spreading branches in the garden under which the children could lie down when they were weary with play.

And so life went on in the court. Days became weeks, weeks months, months years, but every day, every week, every month, every year was happier than the one before, because the lesson of each day had been well learned. The children were quite grown up now, and it seemed to them that life would always go along

in the same way. But one day, quite suddenly, the Great God called their mother, the queen consort, to join the hosts of heaven and it seemed to every one that a great black cloud had settled over the court that just a little while before had been made so happy and bright by the presence of the queen.

King Dasaratha's heart was nearly broken by this great sorrow. While he was very lonely, even though he had 16,000 wives, he felt that he could not love another one of them well enough to make her queen consort and stepmother to his dear children. The courtiers, when they saw the king moping around the palace, or weeping under the trees and not attending to his kingly duties, urged him to take another consort to comfort him. After a time he consented, and picked out for his queen the most beautiful of all his 16,000 wives.

The new queen consort pretended to love very deeply the king's children, and was so good to them that they all grew to love her almost as though she were their own mother. She played with them every day in the palace

gardens, and could pitch a ball almost as well as Rama-pandita. She made sails for their boats, and taught them how to swim in the lake. When they grew tired with play and sat under the fig-trees to rest, she told them the most wonderful tales about the fairies and goblins that lived in the far-away country in which she was born. When the children's eyes grew heavy with sleep, the stepmother crooned to them the sweet songs she had learned in her babyhood.

And so life flowed on peacefully in the court. There were no wars to take away the king, and all the time that he could spare from his duties he spent with the queen consort and his children. Days lengthened into weeks, weeks into months, until a year had passed. Each day and week and month was happier than the one before and it seemed to the children that life might just go on forever that way. Although they often thought and spoke to each other of their own mother, she now seemed to them like a beautiful dream that had come to them in their sleep.

One day while a dark cloud enveloped the palace, the gods sent a baby son to the queen consort and King Dasaratha. He was a beautiful little baby, with big brown eyes like a deer, and soft hair that curled all around his little face, which was the color of bronze.

The king was well pleased with his new son, and gave him the name of Prince Bharata. He commanded the treasurer of the court to have special alms dispensed in the name of the young prince from every alms-hall in his kingdom. Then he had the queen consort brought to the throne, and after giving her gold and jewels of great value, he said, "Lady, beloved of wives, I offer you a boon. Wish what you will, and it shall be granted you."

The queen knelt humbly at the foot of the throne. After thanking the king, and praising him for all his goodness to her, she kissed both of his hands, saying, "King, best of all men, I accept with deep gratitude your offer, but will you not give me time to think that I may choose wisely? Should I say now, 'I wish this,' or 'I wish that,' I might repent

later my haste. I beg your lordship to await my time."

The king, who thought her answer was good, granted willingly the queen consort's request, little knowing what was in her heart.

From the very hour that little Prince Bharata came to the court, the queen consort ceased to love her stepchildren. She never played with them in the palace gardens, nor sailed boats on the lake. She did not swim with them nor tell them stories of the far-away country, neither did she sing them to sleep. Now all was changed and every day seemed more unhappy than the day before for Ramapandita, Prince Lucky, and little Lady Sita. Their stepmother found fault with everything they did and said. It seemed as though they could not please her, no matter how hard they tried. The children wanted to play with their baby brother, but his mother would not allow it, so they played together and tried to make the best out of their lives. They were good children, and never complained to their father about the cruel treatment of their stepmother.

And so life at court went on until Prince Bharata was seven years old. Then one day the queen consort went to the king, and kneeling at the foot of the throne, kissed both of his hands, and said, "King, best beloved of men, when our son Prince Bharata was born, you promised to grant me a boon. I asked of you time for thought, as it is not well to decide quickly when much hangs in the balance. You most graciously did grant my wish. Seven years have now passed. I have thought long and well that I might know what I most desired in this life. To-day I have come to ask you to fulfill your promise."

The king motioned her to arise, and said, "Speak out what is on thy heart, my lady. Choose what you will, be it within my kingly power it shall be granted you."

"My lord," said the queen consort, "give my son the kingdom."

Suddenly the scales fell from the eyes of the king, and he saw the queen consort as she really was, a mean and greedy woman. All the love he had for her died in a minute,

for he knew now that she hated her step-children and would even steal the throne from its rightful owner, his oldest son Ramapandita.

“Out, vile jade,” the king cried angrily. “My two sons are as alive as blazing fires. Would you kill them, and ask the kingdom for your own son? Away from me, before I forget myself and do you harm. Away, I say, away with you quickly.”

The queen consort, who had always been treated with great love and kindness by the king, fled in terror to her own magnificent apartment. For some days she stayed there, not daring to venture into the presence of the king until she felt quite sure that his anger against her had died out. Then one day, after a favorite courtier had told her the king was again in a good humor, the queen with her little son Prince Bharata ventured out on the palace terrace. When she saw the king, she fell at his feet and holding up his little son in outstretched arms said, “Oh, my lord, forgive me if I have angered you. It was but a mother’s

love that made me ask the kingdom as a boon for my *own* son."

While the king loved the little Prince Bharata because the child was his own son, too, he could never love nor trust the mother again. But he always treated his queen consort kindly when he saw her, so he bade her arise and go her way.

Now every time the queen looked at her son, whether he was sleeping or at play, she desired the kingdom for him more and more. Every time she saw her stepchildren she hated them more and more, but now she treated them more kindly than she had before, because she feared the wrath of her husband. Whenever the favorite courtier told her that the king was in a good humor, she would have her lady-in-waiting make her face very beautiful with rouges and paints after the manner of her country. Then she would adorn herself with jewels and garments embroidered with gold thread, and taking little Prince Bharata by the hand would go forth into the garden to meet the king. Putting the child before her she

would cry, "My lord, look upon the face of your son. Is he not the most beautiful prince in your kingdom? Make him heir to the throne."

The king always refused her request; but after a time he began to fear that she might bring harm to his first sons, Prince Rama-pandita and Prince Lakkhama. He said to himself one day after the queen consort had pleaded with him to grant the promised boon, "Women are sometimes very ungrateful and treacherous. This woman might bribe some traitorous person to murder my sons; or after I am dead she might produce a forged will, and my son Prince Rama-pandita would be cheated out of his birthright. I must think of some means to protect my children from this vile wretch who cares for naught else but to place upon the throne her own son."

So one day he called to the throne his three children, Rama-pandita, Prince Lakkhama, and Lady Sita. After taking them to a secret chamber with walls of thick stone that no sound could escape, he told them all about the wish of

their deceitful stepmother, the queen consort. He told how she wanted the throne for her own son Prince Bharata, and asked and begged him to grant her wish.

“My sons,” said the king, “if you continue to live here with me in the palace some great harm, I know not what, may befall you. You must leave me, my beloved children, even though our hearts are torn. You must go to a neighboring kingdom where you will be safe. Or, if you prefer, you may go to the woodland where you will live happy, protected by great Mother Nature. When you hear that my soul has passed on to join the company of my fathers, and that my body is burned, you must return to the palace, and inherit the kingdom that by right belongs to your family. Go back to your rooms in the palace and await further orders from me.”

After the king had bidden his children an affectionate farewell, he called the palace soothsayers to him. “Foretellers of the future,” he said to them, “tell me the number of years I may yet spend in this world.”

“Sire,” they answered, “we must first consult the stars. You have asked us a weighty question. Give us time.”

“Take until sunrise to-morrow, but no longer. Before the sun is high in the heavens, return to me with your answer,” commanded the king as he motioned them to leave his presence.

All that night the king lay awake planning for the safety of his best beloved children. When the morning came at the appointed hour the soothsayers were at the palace gates. The chief courtier announced to the king that they awaited his orders. “Bid them come to me at once,” and after they were safe from the ears of all listeners in the secret chamber, he said:

“Soothsayers of Benares, tell me truly on the penalty of a severe fate that may await you, how many years shall elapse before I join the company of my fathers in heaven.”

The oldest of all soothsayers, a venerable man with a beard like a drift of snow, fell upon his knees before his king. “Sire, twelve years

shall be the portion of thy time yet to run. Thus say the stars that govern thy destiny." He then bent his head until his lips touched the feet of the king, and the tears from his eyes flowed as a mountain rivulet.

"Arise, my friend, go your way and weep not. These years shall see great works in my kingdom. I will use them well. Farewell."

The king then told his courtiers to bring to him Rama-pandita, Prince Lakkhama, and Lady Sita. After saluting them affectionately, he said, "My beloved children, long and earnestly have I thought upon your future, for the soothsayers say that twelve years bound the time that I may govern the Kingdom of Benares. To-morrow at the break of day, my most-trusted courtier and counselor will take you far from the city and the palace where dwells the stepmother who may do you great harm. At the end of twelve years, return to the city, uplift the umbrella of royalty and take the throne which belongs by right of inheritance to you, my first-born son, Rama-pandita."

Weeping, the children did as they were

bidden by their father. Promising him that every word of his should be obeyed they left his presence.

In the cool of next morning Rama-pandita, Prince Lakkhama, and little Lady Sita started away from their home in the palace where they had all the attention and luxury that was due children of a king, to find a new home in the Himalayas where the great Mother Nature was to care for them. Here they would have to build their hut of boughs of trees, and search for the food that would keep them alive until they could return to the palace, for the courtier was to return to the king.

Somehow the news that their king's first-born children were to leave the palace for a mountain home reached the ears of the people in Benares. Perhaps the birds outside the windows of the secret chamber heard the sorrowful news and spread it over the city. Anyhow, no one would tell how he had heard, but when the city gates opened for the children to go forth, the streets were filled with weeping people who begged Rama-pandita, their future

king, to take them with him to his mountain home.

The wise boy waved them back saying, "My friends, it is not meet and right that you should go with us far from your home. Stay here, for the day will come when we shall return to you."

Sorrowfully the people stood while the children turned their backs upon them and faced the open road that led straight to the mysterious Himalaya Mountains.

Rama-pandita, being the oldest and wisest, led the way. Slowly the three followed the path up the mountain until they reached a wonder spot. Here was water springing from the rocks, wild fruit that could be eaten growing in plenty, and trees to shelter them from wind and rain. Here the children of the king could make their home in safety. So Rama-pandita and Prince Lakkhama cut the boughs from the trees with knives they carried in their belts. Then they laid them in such a way one upon the other as to make a hut that would protect them from the heat of the sun and the

rain that fell heavily in its season. Then they made beds for themselves by taking the light boughs and covering them well with leaves to make the bed soft as the down of a golden goose.

When the hut had been made as comfortable as the children could make it, they seated themselves at the door and between them planned out their lives in the woodlands. Prince Lakkhama and Lady Sita told their older brother, Rama the Wise, that he should remain in the hut, and could be to them as their father. While he was studying the Vedas and meditating, they would seek the food to feed him and themselves, and learn from great Mother Nature the wonderful lessons that she alone could teach.

And so life went on in the mountains for the first-born children of the King of Benares. Days lengthened into weeks, weeks into months, months into years. All was peace and quiet, with the sun, the moon, and the stars, the trees and flowers for company. When the wild animals of the forest met the children,

they became as tame and friendly as kittens. During that time there were many lessons learned that cannot be learned from books. But the children did not forget their father. They talked of him most lovingly, and of their little stepbrother, Prince Bharata, for they loved him, too. But never an unkind word did they say of the cruel stepmother whose wicked wish had driven them from their beautiful palace home, and all who loved them were in turn loved by them. As the royal children knew they could only return to the city after their father had died, they prayed that the day might never come, and were content in their new home. So content with the woodland life were these first-born children of the King of Benares, that they forgot to count the number of each year as it sped by them to join the other years.

* * * * *

While Rama-pandita, Prince Lakkhama, and Lady Sita were enjoying their peaceful life in the woodlands, everything at the palace

went wrong. Poor King Dasaratha was so very lonely and unhappy without his first-born children that he just grieved himself to death at the end of the ninth year after the wish of the queen consort which had driven his beloved children from him. As was the custom in India, the body of the king was burned with great ceremony. Scarcely had his ashes been buried before the queen commanded the courtiers to raise the umbrella of royalty over her son, Prince Bharata. The courtiers refused to obey her commands. The head counselor of the kingdom, bowing low, said, "The lords of the royal umbrella dwell in the forest. It is not right for your son to inherit the throne. We will only acclaim as king the first-born child of our departed king."

Scarcely had the old man finished speaking, when up stepped the young prince Bharata. After saluting most respectfully first his mother and then the courtiers, he said, "It is not right in the sight of the law, neither was it the wish of my kingly father that I should inherit the throne which belongs to my brother

Rama-pandita. I shall set forth without delay for the forest where dwells the rightful King of Benares. When I have found him I shall bring him back to the city. Then you shall raise the umbrella of royalty and hail Rama-pandita, the Wise One, as your king. Await that time."

Prince Bharata then called to arms four troops of soldiers, both cavalry and infantry, the white elephants of royalty and chariots of gold. Carrying on his own person the five emblems of royalty, the sword, the umbrella, the diadem, the slippers, and the fan, he started with the cavalcade for the hermitage in the woodlands where dwelt his brother.

After days of search, the great cavalcade found Rama-pandita sitting like a figure of fine gold firmly set at the door of the hermitage. He did not seem in the least surprised to see his brother Prince Bharata and the great company. He greeted them as though they were expected guests. When the young prince fell at the feet of his brother, and weepingly told him of the death of their father the good King

of Benares, Rama-pandita picked his brother up gently, but he showed no sorrow.

“It is not of myself I am thinking, but I fear that my brother and sister may die of grief when they hear the sad news,” he said. After a few minutes of deep thought he added, “Brother of mine, Prince Bharata of the Kingdom of Benares, you did a rightful act when you came to search the forest to acclaim me king when you could have taken the throne by the wish of your mother, the queen consort. You shall be rewarded. But now I ask that you command the cavalcade to go one league from here, and that you and your courtiers hide hereabouts in the trees. Our brother Prince Lakkhama and our sister Lady Sita will return ere long from their daily duties. Should they see you and your great company, they would be greatly frightened, hence hide yourselves.”

Scarcely had Rama-pandita finished speaking, when faint sounds of rustling leaves were heard. “Haste to the thick bushes,” he said, “or they will be upon us.”

No sooner was the company out of sight

than the prince and princess, laden with the fruits of the forest, appeared.

“My children,” said their brother, “you have been away too long. Let this be your penance; go into that water, and stand.”

After he had prayed to the gods to comfort them, Rama-pandita broke to his brother and sister the sad news of their father’s death.

When they heard it, they fell fainting into the water. The courtiers, who from the bushes had seen the prince and princess fall, ran and rescued them before they had time to drown. Three times they fainted in the water, and three times they were rescued by the courtiers. Then the gods heard the prayers of Rama-pandita and comforted his brother and sister.

Now that peace was restored, they all sat down together in front of the hermitage while Prince Bharata told his brothers and sister of the death of their father. He told how he had grieved so deeply at being parted from his beloved children that he lived only nine out of the twelve years that had been foretold by the

soothsayers. As he did not wish to make the children hate their stepmother, the queen consort, Prince Bharata did not tell them how she had planned to make him, her son, king. Nor did he tell how the courtiers had refused to raise the umbrella of royalty above any one else but its rightful owner. Then he asked his brother Rama-pandita why he had not mourned for his father as the others had done.

Now the life that Rama-pandita had lived in the forest for nine years had filled him with holiness and wisdom. He explained to his brother and all the company present that it is useless to torment oneself over a thing that one cannot help. "Grief cannot bring the dead to life," he said, "and every one must die some day, whether he be rich or poor, a fool or a wise man."

As a kingdom cannot be left long without a king, Prince Bharata begged his brother to return with him without delay to Benares, where the royal umbrella should be raised over him.

"No," said Rama-pandita. "My father,

the late King of Benares, said that I should stay twelve years in the forest; twelve years shall I stay." Then turning to his brother, Prince Lakkhama, he said, " Brother, you take the throne of our father," but the prince refused. Then the Wise One turned to his sister and said, " You, dear sister Sita, you occupy the throne," but she too refused.

" I must keep the will of my father, and I have yet three years to remain in the forest," said Rama-pandita; " then I will go to the palace and become king. Now I cannot go."

" But who will carry on the government for the three years?" asked Prince Bharata.

" You will, my brother," replied the Wise One.

" That I cannot do," returned Bharata.

" I cannot go until the end of three years. My slippers then must govern the kingdom," said Rama-pandita, as he doffed his slippers of straw and gave them to his brother. " Take these slippers and place them on the throne, for they shall govern the kingdom for three years. Then I shall return."

When the princes and princess saw it was the wish of their brother to remain alone in the forest, they had Prince Bharata call together the great company of cavalry, infantry, elephants, and chariots. After they had bidden a loving but tearful farewell to their brother, the Wise One, they started in great state for home.

When they reached Benares, all the people in the city came out to greet them, calling, "Hail the king!" They were disappointed when they heard that they would not have Rama-pandita with them for three years yet to come. But they said, "It is right that he should fulfill the wish of his father. We will await his coming." Then they made a great feast for Prince Lakkhama and Lady Sita, and took them back to their home in the palace. The courtiers gave to them the beautiful rooms that had once belonged to their stepmother, the queen consort, who, fearing for her life, had gone back to her home in the far-away country. And soon all the people of Benares forgot that the wicked woman ever lived.

For three years the slippers of the real King of Benares ruled the kingdom. When a cause was to be judged, the slippers were placed upon the throne. If the judge of the court decided the case wrongly, the slippers beat upon each other, which was a sign that the case must be examined again. If the decision were rendered justly, all could see that the slippers remained motionless.

Thus days lengthened into weeks, weeks became months, and months years until the third year was passed. Then at the very day and hour, Rama-pandita, the Wise One, the hermit, returned to Benares to take the place of his slippers on the throne. All the people of the city went forth to welcome him. They made Lady Sita queen, and seating them both in the kingly chariot, which was drawn by twelve white horses, they made three times the circuit of the city. Then they mounted the great terrace and the priests sprinkled the king and queen with holy water from the Ganges River. After that the royal pair mounted the throne and the courtiers raised the umbrella of royalty

over Rama the Wise One, whom they renamed King Sucandaka.

For 16,000 years with great righteousness King Sucandaka reigned over the Kingdom of Benares. When his years were spent, he went to swell the hosts of heaven. Never has the world had so wise a king nor one who has reigned so long.

THE END

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM





